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The Tangled Trail. 148

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THE TANGLED TRAIL;

OR,

SIGNALS OF DANGER.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE,
AUTHOR OF POCKET NOVEL No. 100, "OLD BEAR PAW," ETC.

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THE TANGLED TRAIL:

OR,

SIGNALS OF DANGER.

CHAPTER I

THE DISCARDED SUITOR.

"THERE, Lucy, you may as well stop crying, for no power on earth can change my determination. This idea of having you marry a poor student is so utterly abhorrent, that I can not for a moment entertain it; and I am resolved that no man shall receive your hand in marriage unless he be a philosopher whose mind has been symmetrically developed."

"But, father, what is your objection to Mr. Cummings? Surely he is well educated, and wealthy enough to place me forever beyond the reach of want; and if he were not, I love him so—"

"Well, I'll tell you. I have endeavored to educate you upon the combined principles of Rousseau and Herbert Spencer—that is, while I have given you more than a common education—thereby fitting your mind for association with the most refined—I have also been mindful of your physical training as well. So this day I will dispose of all my property here, and as soon as possible we will start for Pembina."

The above conversation took place in a cozy little cottage, situated among the mountains of Oxford county, Maine, one morning in the spring of 1866.

Old John Graham was what is called a monomaniac. He had tried, like thousands of others, to make a fortune in many ways; and, like a thousand others, he had most ingloriously failed. There was no possible invention that he had not attempted, and many were the models of cannons, baby-jumpers, bee-hives, and steam-engines, on which he had applied for

patents, and from each of which he was sure of receiving a fortune. He had speculated in fancy fowls, besides some that were not very fancy, but failed to sell his chickens for one-half the price of the eggs; he had figured himself rich on the proceeds of the sale of enormous quantities of shoe-pegs and chewing-gum; had been an itinerant preacher, and had written an elaborate work on "Perpetual Motion," which never found a publisher. He had started a newspaper, which failed for lack of subscribers, and had traveled the country over in search of a fortune as a lecturer on phrenology. To sum it all up, he had but one fixed purpose in life, and that was to jealously guard his daughter, and prevent her coming in contact with any man who did not think just as he did upon every subject.

He had that morning been requested to bestow the hand of his daughter upon a young man named Jackson Cummings, who, in spite of the old man's watchfulness, had already secured her love. But the reply of the old gentleman had been: "Marry my Lucy! Why, Cummings, you are either a fool or crazy. No, sir! I would sooner see her in her grave than married to a man who is not a philosopher."

Thus it was that, to save the old man from becoming frantic, Lucy wrote a letter to Cummings, peremptorily breaking off their former intimate relations, and informing him that he could never be more to her than simply a friend. Young Cummings, being a sensitive and withal a very romantic young man, left the little village of Bethel, a heart-broken man. Of course this letter was written at her father's dictation, and Lucy had no other resource but to trust to luck, and hope that her lover would return, and that their dearest wishes might yet be gratified.

And thus it was that, a few months afterward, we find John Graham settled on the Dakota frontier, many miles beyond the Red River settlement.

Now, it is an undisputed fact that, when one writes the exact truth about frontier life, he is accused of inventing improbable stories; yet, in this case, we would fain have our readers believe that this is an "o'er-true tale," and that, with the exception of names, the characters are all living and true ones.

Selkirk Colony—about which so little is known—with its ten thousand or more inhabitants, is perhaps the most curiously-arranged settlement in the world. It consists of "strip-divided" farms, each having a narrow frontage of only six chains upon the banks of the Red River and Assineboine—thus extending for nearly a hundred miles. And those men who are pecuniarily interested in the fur trade have good reasons for jealously guarding that wonderful El Dorado, which is almost entirely unknown to the civilized people of the "outer world."

A history of Selkirk Colony—or, as it is more familiarly known, Red River Settlement—would reveal every species of fraud, crime and atrocity to be found in any populous city, more aggravated here by its isolation from the civilized world.

Many miles to the westward of this wonderful colony John Graham had stopped his jaded team and said:

"Lucy, here is to be our home. I will lay out a town here, and gather around me none but genial spirits; men of intelligence, like myself; here you can forget that foolish stripling in the East, and study nature as it came from the hand of the Maker."

The life of Lucy Graham, since the death of her mother eighteen years before, while she was yet an infant, had been far from a cheerful one; subjected as she was to the ever-changing whims of a visionary father, and being herself of a practical turn of mind, she could find no sympathy in him.

Here, in due time, Graham erected a rude cabin, and made a little clearing large enough for a garden. Their nearest neighbors were fifty miles away, if we except the surrounding Indians; and as Mr. Graham had adopted the policy of dealing justly and kindly with them, they came often to him to trade. As the regular trail from the settlement to the forts on the upper Missouri River, hardly a day now passed without a call from some traveler, or that a Cree *teepe* was not seen standing at the edge of the clearing, and Mr. Graham and Lucy were both becoming acquainted with the Indian language and customs.

Graham went often to the colony for goods with which to

trade with the Indians, and Lucy was thus left alone with no company save a large deer-hound.

Cut off from human sympathy, Lucy used often to sit at the window of the cabin and look out at the gloomy forest, until it seemed to her that she would go wild. The great white pelicans winging their way over the little clearing to a lake near by, with their coarse *cre-unk, cre-unk*, were objects of envy to her; for they had companions of their kind, while she— Here she would check her thoughts lest she should be disloyal to her father. To Lucy the dimly-remembered love of her mother was all of tenderness there was in the world, the only vision that had ever come to her from the great White Throne, except that other love, which, to please her father, she had cast aside, and which now appeared to her like a Paradise lost. All the education her father had given her could not feed the hungry soul, and she was starving for the companionship of some congenial spirit. Her Bible and rosary were simple gifts of a beclouded life, through which God shone in dimly upon her.

Among the many whom business or pleasure brought to the cabin of the settler, was one Pierre Dupont, a half-breed trader among the Unk-pa-pa Indians; a man who cared for nobody but himself, and who loved nothing but gold. But from the hour he first beheld Lucy Graham, he coveted her. Not that he was capable of loving, or that he was even worthy to associate with a pure and gentle girl; but that in securing her for a wife he would be enabled to do a large business with the Indians, through the medium of her father.

Besides this trader, and an occasional party of begging Sioux—who are always hungry—who importuned the new settlers to buy "*hompoes*" (moccasins), there was a tall trapper, who often visited the lakes and streams in the vicinity of the Graham cabin. He was a young man, and gave his name as Willard Jackson; but where he came from, or where he lived, no one could tell. On the occasion of his visits to that vicinity the old man would leave his work and stay about the house, jealously and uneasily watching every movement of the trapper. On one occasion, when that individual, wearing a *coon-skin* cap—the tail hanging down be-

tween his shoulders in strange contrast with his long dark hair—presented himself at the door of the cabin and asked some little courtesy, the old man closed the front door and brought him what he wanted from the back. But all the time Miss Lucy was listening to his voice, which sounded to her like music from the spheres. It was a human voice speaking her own language; and the poor girl accounted the days on which he was visible as the gates of paradise, and the sound of his voice in conversation was to her—heaven itself.

John Graham did not seem to know—or if he did, he had forgotten—that love laughs at bolts and bars, and that in pursuing the course he did, he was making enemies in a country where one can not afford to have them.

After they had been established in their new home about a year, the half-breed trader, Dupont, came in one morning, and after making a few purchases of the old man, he approached the subject nearest his heart—or pocket—by saying in an arrogant way: “Mr. Graham, I believe we are well enough acquainted for me to inform you that I have at last found the one object for which I have been looking these many years; a woman fit to be my wife. That woman is your daughter, and as a mere matter of form, I request her hand in marriage. I am very rich, and although I have not spoken to your daughter about it, yet I am sure—”

How much more he might have said had he been allowed to continue, no one knows, but unfortunately, he had said too much already. The old man went to the door, which he opened, and returning, he suddenly caught the trader by the hair, and dragging him to the door, gave him a kick which sent him sprawling in the sand.

“There,” said he, “let that pay you for your presumption! The idea of marrying my daughter to one who is at best but an ignorant savage!”

The half-breed drew a pistol from his pocket and pointed it at the old man, but seeming to change his mind he said, his black eyes flashing hate: “Curse you, John Graham! I will have your heart's blood for that! And after I have put you out of the way, your daughter shall go with me. Not as my wife, mind you, but—my mistress; my slave!”

From that hour the revenge of Pierre Dupont—who received with the hot French blood of his father the relentless cruelty of his Sioux mother—hung over the home of Graham; who kept on in the even tenor of his way, making new inventions, and remodeling old ones, seemingly in utter ignorance of any danger, except that some one would marry his daughter who was not a philosopher.

Hardly a week had elapsed since the scene just narrated, when the young trapper, Jackson, made the same request of the old man, and received nearly the same reply; except that in this case the refusal was more polite.

"No, sir," said the old man, "I have other ideas of the institution of matrimony; other plans for my daughter's future, which will secure her happiness in a manner more congenial to both her and myself."

"Well," replied the trapper, "I suppose we can be friends still, and in this country one needs all the friends he can get. I heard yesterday, down at Whitfield's station, that there were signs of an Indian outbreak. If that is true I may be of some service to you. By the way, do you know where Pierre Dupont is, just now?"

"No, nor do I care. I only hope he will never darken my door again," replied the old man.

"Why is that, sir? I thought he was a friend of yours."

"So he was, once," said Graham—and thereat he narrated the scene of a week previous, and told the trapper all that the half-breed had sworn to do.

"I fear you done wrong, Mr. Graham, in not using more conciliatory measures with him. I know him for a desperate fellow; and nothing short of a bullet will stop the villain from accomplishing his purpose."

"Let him come. I am prepared for him, and for all he can bring with him," said the old man.

"Do not be so sure of that, sir. He has a wife in the Unk-pa-pa nation, and has made friends of the chiefs, who, I fear, will do any thing to secure his fire-water."

"And I," said the old man, "have made friends with the Crees, and their chief, Do-wau-sa, has promised me his friendship in case of danger. But I have no fears unless there should be a general uprising of the Indians along the whole frontier

so we will not trouble ourselves any more about the matter."

"Very well, sir," replied the trapper, "I am going down into the Unk-pa-pa country, and I will make it my business to keep an eye on this devil, Pierre Dupont, and if I find him hatching any mischief I will let you know. As it is getting rather late, I must bid you good-day."

"Good-by, sir; come again, if you come merely as a friend, but never as a suitor," said the old man, still mindful of his daughter.

The young trapper entered the forest, and after proceeding about a mile from the cabin he paused at a large pine tree, from the hollow trunk of which he drew forth a complete suit of Indian clothing, with which he immediately invested himself. After he had donned the Indian garments, he drew forth a package of paints and a small mirror, by the aid of which he soon transformed himself into a very respectable Indian, after which he soliloquized:

"I wonder if that old man has any idea I will give it up so. If he has, he will find himself mistaken, for even his sharp eyes could not detect me in this disguise, and I can visit Lucy often—if not as a lover, then as an Indian. And I wonder what I had better do! If I leave here, that half-breed may come along with a gang of his red devils and burn the old man out; or worse than that he may carry off the fair Lucy, who, I must admit, I love better than I do my own life! But what business had I to fall in love with her? I have no place to keep a wife if I had one. Another thing, this Dupont may transfer his hatred to me if I interfere too much. However, he can never have Lucy Graham as long as I live, and I guess that about the best thing I can do will be to see what he is about. So I must be off to the land of the Unk-pa-pas and find out for myself, for when he strikes, the blow will be sudden and fatal."

Shouldering his rifle, the young trapper looked for a moment at the tops of the trees to get his course, and started off on a long, swinging trot, peculiar to the frontiersman—his moccasin-clad feet making no sound as he sped his way in the direction of the Unk-pa-pa village.

It may not be uninteresting to my readers to know that the

Indian or the white hunter when traveling, is guided by the sun in the daytime and by the polar star at night. If the sun or the stars can not be seen, they know that the tips of the blades of grass always point to the south, and that it is less green on the side toward the north. Thus they traverse the prairie. In the forest, they are very well aware that the tree-tops incline to the south, and that there is more moss on the side of the trunk and branches facing the north; and also that the bark is more pliant and smooth on the eastern side than any other.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET POTION.

LET us precede the young trapper, and take a look at the Unk-pa-pa village, and some of its principal characters.

The village was laid out in the usual style—two lines of wigwams facing each other, and leaving a street about fifty feet wide between—at one end the teepee of the head chief; at the other the lodge of the “medicine-man.” The village contained about a thousand souls, besides the usual number of dogs—lean, lank and hungry—with which every Indian village is blessed.

Wa-mada-tonka, the chief of this band, was like Indians in general, but without one good trait in his character. His greatest failing, however, was an inordinate love for *minne-wakau*, and in gratifying his taste for the ardent he had descended to the level of the brute creation.

“Me big chief,” he would say; “heap big Injun! Injun love rum! Injun’s father love *minne-wakau* great many moons ago!”

He would tramp hundreds of miles, in the worst of weather, to procure a keg full of the fire-water so delicious to him. Without whisky he was unhappy, and with it he was dangerously savage. When such a thing was possible, he would be drunk months at a time.

Next to Wa-mada-tonka, in authority, was the half-breed trader, Pierre Dupont, who had taken for his squaw the daughter of the chief, and the one who furnished the whisky when necessary. But Dupont was too cunning to lay open his plans to a drunken Indian, and so we find him just entering the lodge of the medicine-man.

Among all tribes of Indians, the medicine-man is the one most feared and respected. He is supposed to possess some mysterious influence beyond the curative power of the pharmaceutical ingredients that he may compound. The medica-

ments of an Indian doctor are very simple, and precisely those used by Chiron and Esculapius in olden time.

This particular medicine-man rejoiced in the cognomen of Hin-hau-shoon-ko-yag-ma-ne (the man with an owl's tail); but his name was no indication of his character, for, though he was a skillful doctor, woe unto the man who dared to cross his path.

Pierre Dupont upon entering the lodge, saluted him in true Indian style, and said:

"The great medicine of the Unk-pa-pas is wise in all things; will he do me a favor for gold?"

"First tell me what you want, my son, then, if I can I will help you," he replied.

Said Dupont: "I want something that will make a person sleep a long time, but will not kill or injure them."

"Is it against one of your own race, or a hated pale-face that you will use it?"

"It need not matter to you," said Dupont, "as long as you get your pay."

"Then no matter whether I can give it to you or not," retorted the old Indian.

Dupont knew better than to offend the medicine-man, and seeing that he was already on the wrong track, he hastened to correct his error, and said:

"The healer is wise and can keep a secret, so I may as well tell the truth, and then if you won't help me, I will get the old chief to go and take by force, what I would rather get without!"

"May be so, may be not," replied the doctor; "Wa-mad-
onka will do as I tell him, not you! But tell me what you want, and I will help you, if you give me plenty gold."

Then, after looking carefully about to see that there were no eavesdroppers, Dupont told the old medicine-man his troubles; how he had been so ingloriously kicked out of doors by the settler, Graham; how he longed to get possession of the daughter, Lucy; and concluded by offering the medicine-man a hundred silver dollars if he would assist him to secure the coveted prize.

"My son must first show me the silver," was the reply of the Indian, who knew the character of the trader.

"Why, blast it! can't you trust me to pay you when the work is done? It seems to me that is time enough," said Dupont.

"No pay, no work," was the soothing answer.

"Well," said Dupont, drawing a heavy bag from his bosom, and emptying the contents upon a buffalo-robe beside the medicine-man; "it appears to me you are mighty particular with friends, but tell me what you can do, and how you propose to do it."

"No hurry. My son forgets that I must consult the spirits, before I can give an answer."

Dupont was no fool, and the man with whom he had to deal was as crafty and cunning as he; besides he was, in a measure, in the power of the medicine-man, and had no alternative in the end but to submit. Still his hot blood could brook no delay, and he said:

"Old man, what is the use in your trying to deceive me? Do you suppose I believe you have any assistance from a nigher power? No! I know that you depend as much upon the superstitions of these people as upon your medicine; but it won't go down with me! Honor among thieves, they say; and as you know me and I you, there is no use in palavering any more about it, so let's know what you can do."

The old doctor looked for a moment as though he did not know whether to shoot the half-breed, or admit that he was himself as great a villain; but whatever his conclusion may have been, he replied:

"Light. You pay me gold, and I give you medicine. This," said he, producing a long quill filled with a dark powder, "this will make a strong man sleep for three suns, and when he wakes he will not be sick. That is all I can do for you, for I can not leave the village. Use it how you please, and when you please, but beware how you expose me."

"I will make my squaw go with me to the cabin of the settler," said Dupont, "and she must find some way to get it in the girl's drink. But leave her alone for that. She is cunning, and she has need to be, for I won't have her around long when I get hold of Miss Lucy."

Concealing the precious powder within his hunting-shirt, the trader left the medicine-lodge without even a farewell grunt;

but as he proceeded to his own teepee he did not see the dark eyes peering from behind the medicine-lodge, nor hear the smothered curse that followed him, or he would not have been in such a hurry to see his wife.

Reaching his lodge he called his wife, but no one answered him.

"Where the deuce can she be, I wonder?" and as if in answer to his query, she soon appeared; her eyes were flashing with scorn, and she brushed rudely past him and entered the lodge without even speaking to him.

"Hello, old gal! what's up now that makes you so cross? I want you to get ready for a trip to the settlement on the great north river. I'll tell you what I want on the road."

"I know what you want already," said she, "and let me tell you, Pierre Dupont, I will not help you!"

"You know," ejaculated the half-breed; "how in the name of all the saints did you find out?"

"I heard all you said in the medicine-lodge. How long do you suppose you could live, if I should tell my father, the chief, what you were about?" said she.

"I'll show you," he replied, and he struck her a blow in the face, which felled the poor woman senseless to the earth. Then he bound her hands and feet, and stuffing the corner of a blanket in her mouth, he said: "Stay there, you fool, until night. Then I will strap you on to your horse and when we are far enough away from the village I will give you one of the best whippings you ever had, and see who is master."

This wife-whipping is common among all Indian tribes, though there are some who practice it more than others. And, indeed, it seems to be a matter of necessity, for among Indian women—as in civilized life—there prevails a strong feeling akin to "women's rights;" or, if we may be allowed the vulgarity, a disposition among the women of both races to wear the "breeches." In civilization the woman generally succeeds in making both herself and her husband miserable; while among our "red brethren" it usually results in a severe chastisement to the woman.

After "fixing" his wife, Dupont took from a pile of robes a small jug, into which he put part of the powder he had re-

ceived from the medicine-man; and started out to find the old chief, saying as he went:

"I'll give the old man a small dose of this, and see how it works."

He found the old chief in his teepee, looking pretty cross, but Dupont knew what the trouble was, and that a good drink of whisky would make him open his mouth; and he said:

"My father is sick. See! I have brought him some *minne-wakau* which will make his heart warm and glad once more."

"My son is kind," grunted the old chief. "Open the jug and give me some."

After he had taken a long pull at the jug, he smacked his lips and said: "Ugh! *Minne-wakau* good; heap good!" and taking another drink he set the jug down on the ground before him.

Dupont watched the effect with an anxious eye, and was gratified to hear the old chief say: "Me tired. Go 'way now—but leave jug here," and almost before the words had passed his lips the old chief fell over, fast asleep. The powerful opiate worked to a charm, and Dupont, throwing a robe over the chief, took his departure for his own lodge, where he busied himself in making preparations for his departure.

It was now nearly night, and yet the half-breed had not observed that a strange Indian was following him wherever he went, and watching his every movement. The strange Indian was our friend, the trapper, Jackson; who had that morning reached the Indian village, but who had not yet learned the situation of affairs; yet he knew from the movements of the half-breed that he was getting ready for a journey, and he resolved to keep up a vigilant watch. Night came, and the Indian village was in darkness. Not a thing was stirring except the dogs, and Jackson concluded that the half-breed would not start until morning, so he sought out a secluded place, and was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke the next morning, the sun was shining brightly over the eastern hills, and he reproached himself for having slept so late. There was a great commotion in the village. Strangers had come during the night, and were

anxious to see the chief, who still slept as if he had been a veritable Rip Van Winkle, and no efforts of his warriors could waken him. Then they sent for the "medicine-man," who, as soon as he saw the chief, knew that his protracted nap was the work of Pierre Dupont, and looking around he asked, "Where is the trader?"

A warrior ran to the lodge of the trader, but returned in a moment saying that it was empty; that neither Dupont nor his wife could be found.

"It is well," said the medicine-man, "let the chief alone, and he will soon awake. The trader has gone to the village of the whites on the great north river."

"The Old Scratch he has," said a voice in English; but when they looked, around the stolid face of the speaker, Jackson, did not betray him. He, however, withdrew from the crowd, and shouldering his rifle, started off on the trail of the half-breed, assured that he was gone for no good.

The crowd about the teepee of the chief was gradually growing larger, until soon nearly the entire population of the village was there. Some said: "He is dead," but his loud snoring contradicted that. Others said: "The chief is sick;" but they remembered the words of the medicine-man and knew that in a few hours he would be around again.

But the most popular idea was, that the chief had been imbibing too much *minne-wakau*, and to tell the truth, was dead drunk. One brave who had always been jealous of the chief, thought this would be a good opportunity to do a little "electioneering" for himself, so he cleared a space before the door, and thus addressed the savage throng:

"Unk-pa-pas, look at me, and listen well to my words. Once we were a great and powerful nation; our hearts were proud, and our arms were strong. But a few winters ago all other tribes feared us; now the Crees dare to cross our hunting grounds, and kill our game. Once we could beat the Mandans, and, unaided, destroyed their villages; now we call other villages to our assistance, and we can not defend ourselves from the assaults of the enemy. How is this, Unk-pa-pas? The Crees drink no whisky. The earnings of their hunters and toils of their women are bartered to the white man for weapons and ammunition. This keeps them power-

ful and dreaded by their enemies. We kill buffalo and deer by the thousand; our women's hands are sore with dressing the robes; and what do we part with them to the white trader for? We pay them for the white man's fire-water, which turns our brains upside down, which makes our hearts black, and renders our arms weak. It takes away our warriors' skill, and makes them shoot wrong in battle. Our enemies, who drink no whisky, when they shoot, always kill their foe. We have no ammunition to encounter our foes, and we have become as dogs, which have nothing but their teeth.

"Our prairies were once covered with horses as the trees are covered with leaves. Where are they now? Ask the Crees, who drink no whisky. When we are all drunk, they come and take them before our eyes—our legs are helpless, and we can not follow them. And whisky has done it all. Now I say let us choose a new chief, and send away the wicked trader, whose father was of the hated pale-faces; then we can be as strong as the Crees or the Mandans."

His speech was received with shouts of applause by some; by others with a burst of indignation, and had such a scene occurred in a civilized community the consequence would have been a mob of the very worst character. Many of the band still clung to their old ways and their old chief, and were decidedly opposed to making any change; while others there were who could see the truth in the speech of the brave.

But such a thing as a mob is never known among the Indians; and this is Indian morals.

The young trapper, finding that Dupont was many hours ahead of him, gave up the idea of trying to overtake him; yet he lost no time, tired as he was after his long walk of over two hundred miles.

After Pierre Dupont had left the vicinity of the village, he removed the gag from the mouth of his wife, and the cold night air soon brought her to her senses, when she commenced cursing him as only a squaw can. His reply was to hit her over the back with the end of a strap, which operation he repeated until he was tired, and she had stopped her talking. Then he untied the thongs by which she was bound to her horse, and as she slid to the ground, the half-breed hit her again, at the same time saying:

"There, curse you. Learn to obey orders next time, and you will fare better."

She did not answer him, and when he ordered her to remount, she did so without a word. After riding until nearly morning they halted, and Dupont ordered her to dismount and build a fire, by which they remained until morning; when they made a hasty breakfast and again started on.

When the half-breed had married the daughter of the chief, it had been merely a matter of policy on his part, and well had he profited by the opportunity offered. But with the Indian maiden it had been a case of pure love. Though she was old and ugly enough now, doubtless the time had been when she was as fair and lovely as any of her race, and her love had been as ardent, though declared in the forest shades, as if she had been reared in an aristocratic home in the "States," and the tale of love had come from a knightly suitor on bended knee. However that may be, she still loved Dupont well enough to forgive what he had done, and, woman-like, was the first to make an advance toward an amicable understanding; for, looking furtively at him, she asked:

"Why does my brave want another squaw? Do I not work for him, and what can the white maiden do more?"

"Yes," said Dupont, "you're all right, only mind you stay so. I have no notion of marrying this girl. I just want to get her as a slave for you, so that you need not work so hard; and," he added, "because I hate her father."

The squaw knew that he was lying to her, but her hatred for the pale-face was so great that she was willing to enter into any scheme to injure one of them; so that, by the time they were near the cabin of the settler, Graham, it was all arranged between them how they should proceed in order to get the white maiden into their hands. A mile or two from the cabin they turned off from the beaten trail into the forest, where, securing their horses, they made a fire and arranged a shelter.

At night the squaw was to go to the cabin and feign fatigue, soliciting the privilege of remaining there all night. The well-known kindness of John Graham toward the Indians made this plan feasible; yet when she arrived at the cabin, it was to find that the settler had gone on a trip to the

Red River settlement, leaving the daughter, Lucy, alone. The kind heart of the white girl would not allow her to turn the Indian woman away, so she consented to let her remain in the cabin over night, although it was against the positive orders of her father to do so.

Fortune favored the half-breed and his wife, for Lucy was not feeling well, and seeing which, the old squaw left the cabin and soon returned with a handful of herbs, saying: "Let the white maiden make tea of this, and when she drinks, her head will hurt no more."

Pure and innocent herself, and unsuspecting any mischief, Lucy procured a dish, into which the Indian woman put the herbs, and while Lucy was gone for water, she added the contents of the quill. As soon as it was steeped, she said: "Now drink and go to bed; when you wake you will be well. Squaw will sleep on the floor." And Lucy drank the fatal draught which was to lure her to such an unnatural sleep.

But a short time passed, when the Indian woman arose, and going to the door, she gave the shrill cry of the night-hawk two or three times in succession, which was presently answered from the forest, and soon the form of Pierre Dupont was seen approaching.

The deer-hound sprung toward him with a growl, but the hatchet of the squaw stretched him dead at the door, and the half-breed entered the cabin from which he had, a short time before, made such an unbecoming exit.

He advanced to the bed where lay the sleeping form of the white girl, and said, as he gloated over the triumph he had gained:

"Ah, my little girl, I will teach your proud father that it is not safe to insult me—and that Pierre Dupont never lies! I only wish he was here, that I might put a bullet in his heart before I go. Then my revenge would be complete. But perhaps he will suffer more when he knows where you are, so I'll just leave a note for him."

Then he took a piece of chalk, and scrawled upon the cabin-door: "I have your daughter at last, and you may yet beware of Pierre Dupont."

Picking up what valuables they could find, the half-breed

took the inanimate girl upon his shoulder and strode toward his camp-fire in the forest; reaching which, he laid her down by the fire, and proceeded to saddle his horses.

Mounting his horse and taking the sleeping maiden before him, they started on their road to the Unk-pa-pa village, highly elated at the success of their visit.

That night passed and the whole of the following day, and they had halted but twice to rest their weary animals; still Lucy Graham slept. They had dismounted and were making their camp for the night, when she recovered from her unnatural stupor, and sitting up, she looked about her in a bewildered way, and seeing no one but the squaw, she said:

"Where am I? How came I out here in the forest? Oh! I have had such a horrid dream! I thought that a demon came from Pandemonium, and was carrying me away. Speak, woman, and tell me how is this!"

Dupont came forward, and addressing her in her own language, said:

"All is fair in love and war, Miss Lucy; and as I love you dearly, I could not bear to leave you by yourself, especially as your father objects to my visits; so I have brought you along. When we get to the Indian village, we will be married in the most approved style, and you shall see how happy I can make you."

For a moment it seemed to Lucy as if the earth was sliding from under her feet; then, realizing her horrible situation, she gave the half-breed a stinging blow in the face, and then laughed at her own bravery.

"Let those laugh who win!" shouted Dupont. "You do not seem to know that you are now a hundred miles from your father's cabin, and in my power! I'll forgive you the blow if you will go along peaceably; if not, I will tie you to your horse—for *go you must!*"

The poor girl gave one cry of despair, and summoning all her strength, she started for a run out into the wilderness. Where she was going she did not know nor care, only so that she got away from the half-breed; and she might have succeeded had not the squaw caught her by the hair as she was flying past her.

In a moment Dupont was at her side, and the poor girl

kept struggling and crying for help until Dupont struck her a blow which laid her senseless at his feet. Then they bound her, and proceeded to get their supper, in which situation of affairs we must leave them and return to the settler, Graham.

CHAPTER III

STRIKING TRAIL.

THE evening following the abduction of Lucy Graham, just at dusk, the voice of her father was heard singing, as he rode along :

"Out 'mid the wilds of the unbroken prairie,
Buried in slumber for ages gone,
Empires of Nature's rich treasures have moldered,
Untouched by the hand of the prairie's red son ;
Richer by far than the gems of the Indies,
Fairer than pearls from the Orient land,
Lasting as stars in the dome of yon azure,
The wealth they'll be bringing forever shall stand."

As he neared his cabin he wondered why the hound did not give some notice of his coming ; then seeing that there was no light, he said :

"Well, I snum ! if this isn't queer ! Old Rover and his mistress must have gone to sleep early. I wonder what it means, when I told Lucy I would positively be home to-day." But his conjectures were destined to remain unsatisfied. Then as he dismounted, and went to the cabin, he stumbled over the dead body of the dog.

"If Rover is not dead !" he exclaimed. "There's been foul play here, I'll be bound, and—hello ! the door is wide open, too. Lucy ! Lucy !" he shouted ; but no answer was returned.

He entered the cabin, and feeling around, he at last found a candle, which he lit. His first move was to visit the bedroom of his daughter ; but no Lucy was there.

"What in the world—" he said, as he caught sight of the writing on the door. "Ah ! perhaps that will explain it." And the father read there the "note" left by Pierre Dupont ; and for a moment his heart stood still.

"Oh, God !" he cried, "is my darling in the hands of that savage half-breed ?" and as he sunk into a chair, the strong man wept. He remained sitting a long time, his head bowed

upon his hands, and memory went back to the cottage home he had left in the East, and he said to himself:

"Fool, fool, that I was to move to this far western country, where neither life nor property are safe. Much better it would have been for me if I had remained at the old place. Much better for Lucy, if I had allowed her to marry that young student.

He spent the long, dreary night in a state of mental agony; conjecturing as to what had become of Lucy; and with the first dawn of light he was looking for some trace of her abductors. All around the cabin he went; but he was no woodsman, and the tracks of Dupont and the squaw escaped his notice.

"I wish the young trapper would come around," he said; "he could help me to unravel this mystery. But then he would want pay for his work, and I have no money—at least not enough to hire a man for a long time."

Looking up, as if in answer to his wish, he saw the tall form of the trapper coming up the road, and anxiously awaited his approach.

"Good-morning, Mr. Graham," said the trapper. "I hope you are well this morning; and how is your daughter?" then observing the frightened expression upon the settler's face, he asked, "Are you sick, sir; or has something happened to Lucy?"

In answer, Mr. Graham took him by the arm, and leading him into the cabin he pointed to the writing of the half-breed upon the door; then his feelings gave way again, and he sobbed aloud;

"The villain has stolen the joy of my life—the only being on earth that I love, or that loves me."

"I thought he would. When did this happen?" asked the trapper.

"It must have been night before last," replied Mr. Graham, "for Lucy is a brave girl, and would not suffer herself to be taken in the daytime; and, when I returned last evening I found every thing just as it is now."

"Let me look about," said the trapper. He examined the room thoroughly, but finding nothing there he stepped out of doors. Stopping at the dead body of the dog, he turned him

over, and, after examining the blood, he said: "You are right. The dog has been dead more than twenty-four hours; now let's see if we can find any tracks."

He was not long in discovering the footprints of Dupont and the squaw, for the burden of the half-breed had caused him to make a deep impression with his foot, and as he took the trail, he called to Mr. Graham to follow him.

The experienced trailer had no difficulty in following the track left by the half-breed, and they soon arrived at their camp in the forest. The trapper kicked the coals away from the spot where the half-breed had made his fire, and laying his hand upon them, he said:

"They are warm yet. That shows that the villain kept his fire burning until the last moment. And, here is where they tied their ponies—three of them. Now we will see which way they went."

From the camp-fire the trail led them into the open road, and the trapper could no longer doubt that Dupont had indeed carried off the daughter of the settler.

"But I don't see how I could have passed them," he said, "without seeing something of them. I have it," he continued, "the half-breed must have gone off from the road to make his camp, as he did in the first place, and so escaped my notice."

"What shall we do?" inquired Mr. Graham. "If the Cree chief, Do-wau-sa, was only here now, he might help us along. I wonder where he is? He would take a war-party and follow the trail to the end, I know; for he has often expressed his friendship for both Lucy and myself."

"A war-party would be of no use," answered the trapper. "Dupont will be in the Unk-pa-pa village before you can find Do-wau-sa, and I doubt very much if he could get her out of the hands of the half-breed. One is enough for such a job—much *better* than a whole war-party."

"Then who can I get?" said Mr. Graham. "I am afraid I displeased you the other day, by my refusal to let you marry Lucy; but if you will only get her away from that savage, you may marry her as soon as you please."

"Agreed!" said the trapper. "I will start this very hour, and I will never return until I can bring Lucy with me;

and," he added, "if that villain harms her I will have his scalp!"

The trapper had no farewell calls to make, and was soon on the trail to the Unk-pa-pa village, whither he supposed Dupont would go with his captive. He followed the trail until dusk, when he saw that it branched off from the beaten track, and he resolved to camp where the half-breed had camped. This spot he was not long in finding, and there he made his fire and spread his blanket.

By noon the next day he had left the timber and emerged upon the open plain—"alkali, sage-brush and sand"—and as he let his eye fall for a moment to the trail, he saw that the party had made a halt at that place. He observed, also, that they had left at full speed, as was evident from the tracks made by their horses.

A few rods further on he discovered the cause of their increased speed. The beaten sod showed that a band of mounted Indians had been in pursuit of the half-breed; and hurrying along, he found where a hand-to-hand fight had ensued. Then only the tracks of *two* horses were visible in the direction of the village; while those of the attacking party led away to the westward. A few arrows and a moccasin told him that whoever they were they did not belong in that section, and he said to himself:

"Now it is evident those Indians are after the half-breed, and there is but one way of guessing at the result. That they caught him is pretty sure; and that they stole his prisoner is almost as certain. I wonder what I had better do? go after them, or proceed to the Unk-pa-pa village, and find out from Dupont the truth—if he can tell it."

As he walked along he thought: "It won't do for me to go into the village in this dress, and I left my Indian rig at the old place. But then, I won't worry. Perhaps I may meet an Indian before I get there, and if I do he must trade clothes—that's all there is about that!"

He had built his camp-fire, the last he was to make before entering the village, and was sitting by it enjoying the trapper's solace—a good smoke—when he was accosted with:

"How? how? White man want company?"

He sprang to his feet, and bringing his rifle to his shoul-

der, was about to shoot the speaker, a burly Indian, who, holding up both hands in token of friendship, said :

"No shoot! Me good Injun!"

He lowered his gun and signaled for the Indian to approach. He did so, but did not appear to be at all frightened, for almost his first words were :

"Give me killi-kennick!"

"Well," said the trapper, "I don't exactly like your style of asking for a thing, but perhaps you were never brought up any better, so I'll excuse you;" and he gave the Indian a handful of tobacco, as thanks for which he received a surly "Ugh!"

This sample of our "red brethren" was not at all communicative, and smoked his pipe in silence; filling and re-filling until his tobacco was all gone. Then he said :

"Where blanket? Me sleep with you!"

"No you won't," said the trapper. "If you sleep to-night you will furnish your own bed, for my blankets are clean, and I don't propose to have a lousy fellow like you sleeping in them!"

This roused the anger of the Indian, and almost before the trapper knew it, the Indian drew his hatchet and threw it at him, with a force which certainly would have killed him, had it hit. But the hatchet made one revolution too many, and only the handle touched the ear of the trapper, making it tingle like a frost-bite. The Indian drew his knife and rushed toward him, but was just in time to receive the ball from the trapper's rifle in his breast. He was brave, almost to rashness, but he fell, and without a struggle, died.

"Well," said the trapper, "he was a confounded fool, anyhow, to think I was going to stand and let him go through the 'hatchet drill,' at my expense! I didn't want to kill him; for that is a waste of powder and lead—not to speak of the tobacco I gave him. But then I could not help it, as I see; for one or the other had to die after that, and it looks better to me as it is, than if my scalp was hanging in his belt. More than all that, his clothes are just what I want, though they ain't very clean. However, I'll fix them."

Then he stripped the Indian, and dragging him out on the prairie, returned to his fire, and examined the garments.

"Pretty clean after all," he said, "that is, for an Indian; I guess I can wear them. Sorry there's a hole in this hunting-shirt, though, but I'll mend that, and—well, just hear what a howling. I should think by the noise out yonder that the wolves were performing the burial-service for my late visitor. It is an unfortunate thing to be an Indian, especially a mean one; and I'm inclined to think the good Lord must have sent this fellow along on purpose—certainly he did not seem to have any other business—so I will thank the Lord for it."

The fallen tree, beside which the trapper had made his fire, furnished plenty of fuel, and he soon had a roaring fire, which made the wolves withdraw to a safe distance. The trapper rolled himself in his blanket, and lying down with his feet to the fire, was soon sound asleep. Neither the wolves, nor dreams of them, awoke him; and in the morning he arose and donned the suit of his Indian visitor, remarking as he did so:

"Gracious! I wonder what Miss Lucy would say if she could see me now?"

Then, after eating his breakfast, he resumed his journey. He met several Indians on his way, all of whom spoke to him; and as he understood them and could speak their language, he had no trouble in passing. Arriving at the village, his first business was to find the half-breed, Pierre Dupont. He went to his teepee, and throwing back the flap which served as a door, an amusing sight met his gaze.

There lay the half-breed and his wife, locked in each other's arms; and both too drunk to know any thing. Beside them sat the old chief, with a jug between his knees. As the trapper entered, the chief looked up, and saying—as only a drunken Indian can say—"How! have s'me minne-wauka?" he raised the jug to his own mouth; but the action was too much for the combined forces of mind and muscle, and he keeled over beside his son-in-law, and joined with them in seeing who could snore the loudest.

The trapper poured what was left of the whisky upon the ground, and withdrew, saying:

"I won't be able to get any information out of him before morning, so while I stay, I may as well be picking out a horse."

He found the horse of the chief, a fine black stallion, and rode him nearly a mile from the village, where he tied him in a thicket of wild plums; and returning he found the horse of the half breed, which he took in the same direction and turned him loose; satisfied that he would not return to his owner, of his own accord.

At night he found a teepee whose occupant had left, and he immediately turned in and slept until morning. When he arose he walked to the lodge of Dupont, whom he found outside, cursing alternately in Indian and English, some one who had stolen his horse. He was, as might be expected after so much of a spree, very cross; and as he was about to vent his ire upon the person of his wife, the trapper stepped up and said to him:

"I can show you where your horse is. Come with me."

He led the half-breed to the thicket where he had concealed the horse of the chief, and asked:

"Is that him?"

"No, you fool! that is the old chief's horse. But how came he here, I wonder," said Dupont.

"I brought him here," replied the trapper, in English, as he swung his rifle across his arm; "I brought him here, and I intend to use him!"

"Who the deuce are you?" asked the astonished half-breed.

"It does not matter," replied the trapper, "who I am. I've got a little business with you, after which I propose to take charge of this horse, and have a ride."

"What do you want?" asked the half-breed. "You have the advantage of me, whoever you are, so I have nothing to do but submit."

"I want to ask you a few questions," said the trapper; "and remember if you refuse to answer them, or tell me a lie, I will shoot you where you stand."

As he cocked his rifle, he said:

"Now tell me first, where is Lucy Graham?"

"How should I know?" asked Dupont.

"How should you know? Villain! I'll tell you how! You stole her from her father's cabin—you and that squaw

of yours. And you carried her off; so no more fooling, but answer my question at once. Where is she now?"

"I don't know," was the reply of Dupont.

"What do you know about her?" asked the trapper.

Then Dupont narrated what is already known to the reader; how he had stolen the white girl, and had nearly reached home, when a party of Indians on the war-path, had pursued him, and taken away his captive. Then he added, sullenly:

"If that is all you want to know you may go now, and I'll try and find my horse." He turned to leave, when the trapper shouted:

"Stop, you imp of Satan! That is not all. Tell me what Indians stole her from you?"

"Teton Sioux," replied Dupont.

"How many were there of their party?" asked the trapper.

"Between seventy-five and a hundred," he answered. "And you will be in poor hands if you undertake to follow them."

"Never you mind," replied the trapper. "I will find her, dead or alive, if it takes me a lifetime."

He mounted the horse of the chief, and started for the trail of the Sioux, at a pace which made pursuit impracticable on the part of the half-breed; and night found him many miles from the Unk-pa-pa village. At last he reached the trail, and started in pursuit of the party who were in possession of Lucy Graham. The war-party had left a plain trail, and the trapper had not often to search for "signs," and as he rode along he talked to himself, as all men are apt to do who are much alone.

"Well, fortune seems to favor me thus far, and I hope it will continue. But how is one man to whip a hundred? It can't be done under ordinary circumstances, so I'll have to trust Providence some more. When I find where Lucy is, I can lay my plans to get her away. The Teton Sioux! why, they are 'way beyond the Yellowstone River, in the Rocky Mountains. An awful ride, sure, for a young girl. But, then, she's tough and brave, thanks to her father's training. Guess that's about all she has to thank him for, too. I won-

der who is chief of the Teton Sioux? Well, I don't know, but I shall probably find out when I get there. And goodness me! what a ride it will be; over eight hundred miles. Get up here, old Unk-pa-pa. You must make better time than this, or we'll never get there."

So he would talk to himself, for hours at a time, still keeping a good watch on all sides for danger.

As he was riding along toward the close of a day, he saw a cloud of smoke rising from the belt of forest which bounded the prairie over which he had been traveling, and stopping his horse, he said:

"We must go slow, old fellow, until we find out who is doing all that smoking. It must be a large party, for no single man, red or white, would be such a fool as to make a fire like that in the country of hostile Indians. If that was Powder River that I crossed back there, then this country is the hunting-grounds of the Blackfeet; and if there is a party of Blackfeet there, I had better give them a wide berth. But if they are white men, perhaps they can help me; at any rate, I'm going to see."

Arriving at the timber, he secured his horse in a safe place and proceeded on foot. As he neared the fire he heard singing and laughter, and was pleased to find a large party of white hunters. He advanced near enough to see them, and shouted: "Hello, there! Had you just as lieve have some more company?"

"Yes," answered one, "if it's of the right kind."

He advanced within the circle of hunters, of whom there were about fifty; and as he did so, one old hunter exclaimed:

"Thunder! I thought you was a white man; but seein' you ain't, you'd better take the back track, mighty sudden. This yer country ain't very healthy for your kind of folks; so you git, or I'll make b'leeve you're a wild-cat, and try a shot at you."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied our hero. "I am just as much a white man as you are, though I was obliged to borrow this Indian dress. So hold your temper a minute, will you?"

"All right, stranger; tell us the rest after you get your supper," was the reply.

After our hero had finished his meal, he lit his pipe, and waiking up to one of the hunters, slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, saying: "Hello, Belden! what brought you here?"

"You wash yer face, or tell who yer be, then maybe you will know more about it!" answered the one addressed.

"Take a good look and see if I am such a stranger," said our hero.

Accordingly the hunter arose, and going up to him, looked in his face for a moment, and exclaimed:

"Jewhillakens! if it ain't Jackson! How came yer out here in the Blackfoot country, and all alone, too? What are yer wearin' a red's clothes for? Come, tell us all about it. But wait a minute first. Say, you, Long John, whar in thunder be yer?" That individual making his appearance, the hunter continued: "Don't yer see this youngster? He war with us down on ther Republican Fork when ther cussed Cheyennes went fur our skulps!"

"Wal, I sw'ar!" said Long John, "so he is." Then followed a general introduction and shaking of hands, and our hero was the lion of the hour. He sat down and narrated the events of the preceding chapters, up to the time of his arrival there, being interrupted now and then by an emphatic "Wal, I sw'ar!" from Long John.

"And now," he said, as he concluded, "can any of you tell me any thing about the Teton Sioux?"

"Thar's old Greasy thar; he ken tell yer all about 'em, kase he's bin thar," replied Belden.

"Yes, I hev," responded the one addressed. "Yer right I hev, and I don't care to go thar ag'in. But I reckon it ain't as bad as it war, fur the white feller who married the old chief's darter has made a change in their ways; every thing goes purty much as he says now—so I hear."

"Who is their chief?" inquired our hero.

"Settin' Bull. He's ther chief, and a meaner cuss don't live in ther mountains. But he's gittin' old, and as I said before, ther white feller runs ther machine."

"What is the white man's name?" asked the trapper.

"I dunno," responded the old hunter; "leastways, I never

hearn it; but thar's Bridger knows him; he'll tell yer all about him."

Bridger was called, and his bearing and language indicated that he had not always lived the life he was now leading, for he seated himself beside our hero, saying :

"With pleasure, sir, if any information I can give will be of service to you. In the first place, the band you are after have their principal village beyond the Yellowstone River, in the mountains, and on a direct line from here to Walla Walla. It is about one hundred and fifty miles from here, I should say, and through the heart of their hunting-grounds. In the morning I will give you your course, and you can not fail to find it. The Tetons are, I believe, the only band of Sioux who refuse to make peace with the Government, and they have always been a cruel and bloodthirsty set; but, about two years ago, they took a white hunter captive down among the Black Hills. I do not know his name, though I have often met him, but he is known from the Saskatchewan to the Colorado as Mo-he-nes-to. He is certainly a peculiar man, and has acquired a strange power over the old chief, whose daughter he married some time ago. As Greasy says, he does very much as he pleases there, and has saved many a white man from losing his scalp since he has been among them. He is often at the forts on the upper river, but he never goes there alone. He is a young man, not over thirty, I should say, but he knows every mile of this North-west; and you may be thankful if your friend is with his band."

"Did yer say Mo-he-nes-to?" asked a hunter who had been listening. "If yer did I know ther man. When we went to Oregon he was our guide from North Platte clean through; and I tell yer what, we'd 'a' all bin wiped out if it hadn't been fur thet same white feller."

"Tell us the yarn, Sleepy," they all said.

"I will if yer'll wait a minute," he replied.

This speaker had received the cognomen of Sleepy, from the fact that he was always ready for a nap; and when not engaged in any other business, was generally asleep. He never was known to do any thing without first saying, "Wait a minute."

So they waited a minute, and he commenced his story

CHAPTER IV.

SLEEPY'S "YARN."

"WAL, yer see, we were all raw then, and just going out to Oregon. Thirty-seven of us, men, women, and children besides this yer—what d'ye call him. We hired him down at Laramie, and he war to take us through the pass on the t'other side of old Gilbert's post—I reckon yer all know whar that is!

"Wal, we started all right enuff, and didn't see nary Injun, 'til after we'd bin out about a week. We stopped ter camp one afternoon, in jest the neatest place yer ever see. Seemed jest as if that feller knew in ther mornin' right whar he would be at night. Wal, while us fellers was fixin' camp, this Mo-he-what's-the-rest, he goes out with his gun, jest to get ther lay of ther land. Jimmerry! what a gun that war too. I disremember jest what he called it; anyhow the pesky thing would shoot sixteen times without loadin'. Wal, purty soon he cum back, with a little piece of string he'd found somewhar, and he looked awful sober-like, as if he'd seen a grizzly or a ghost; but he warn't a man to skeer very easy, and when we asked him what the rumpus war, he jest said, 'Injuns.' That's all—yer see he didn't want to skeer the wimmen, but after a bit he told us men we'd proberbly have visitors that night. And do yer believe the feller went on guard hisself and made everybody go to bed. I reckon we all got ter sleep, fur the first thing we knowed he come around to ther waggins and tapped each man on the shoulder. Wal, we got up mighty suddent, fur though he didn't say a word we could see 'Injun' in his face by ther moonlight. He got us all fixed to suit himself, then he said: 'If I get killed and you don't, keep straight west and you'll come to Gilbert's post.' Then he said, 'Now yer jest keep still and wait fur the fun.' Jest then we hearn the whippowill 'way off ter one side, and purty soon another off t'other way; and arter a bit waitin' it come right in front of us.

"One feller spoke up and says, 'Pshaw! them's nothin' but birds, and they can't hurt nothin'.' But ther young feller he says, 'Shut yer mouth and yer'll see,' so we all kep' still and waited. It seemed an awful spell ter wait, it was so still, but purty soon thar come a yell like as if all the wildcats in Ameriky war out thar—then ther devils come themselves. Our guide had told us not to shoot till he giv' the word; and I'll sw'ar, I thought he'd never give it. But purty soon he did and we blazed away. Wal, every man brought down his Injun and the rest of them made a break fur the timber.

"Ther young feller went out whar they laid, and when he cum back, sez he: 'It's all right now; yer can go ter sleep ag'in if yer want to.' But thar wa'n't no more sleep that night, only ther guide, he turned in and slept like as if ther warn't a red-skin in forty miles of thar. In the mornin' we looked, and sure enuff, thar lay a dead Injun fur each of us.

"Wal, we started out in ther mornin' early and had halted fur our noonin' down in a little hollow like, and while we war eatin' we seen a big Injun come on top of ther hill, and he made some motions with his hands and ther guide jumped up and started fur him. I started too, but he axed me whar I war goin', and when I told him, 'To shoot that yer Injun,' he says, 'Not much yer don't unless yer shoot me first!' You better b'lieve that took me back, but the young feller he jest laid down his gun and walked out whar ther Injun war, and we seen 'em shakin' hands like as if they war mighty glad to see each other. They talked a spell and then our guide cum back and says, 'Hitch up and let's be goin',' but he wouldn't tell a durned thing about thet Injun. I almost got mad, but I allowed I'd better not, so I didn't know any thing about it till arter we got to Walla Walla; then one of ther boys told me all about it.

"Yer see, the Injun war a Freemason and so war our guide, and thet Injun he kept us from bein' gobbled by a war-party who got arter us. I see'd ther guide once arter thet up at Benton and we hed a good time too. He showed his little squaw, and he giv' me some mighty good advice about Injuns in general—"

He was interrupted by Belden, who seemed to be the leader of the party, saying: "Come, boys, let's turn in, and in the mornin' we can decide what to do."

While they are sleeping we will return to Lucy Graham. When she recovered her consciousness after receiving the blow from the half-breed, she saw at a glance that discretion would be the better part of valor; and she promised not to be stubborn if Dupont would allow her to ride by herself. This he did, and they rode along, the half-breed upon one side and his wife on the other; until, emerging upon the open prairie, they saw a band of horsemen approaching from the east. Dupont seized the bridle of the horse ridden by Lucy, and urged them into a run, in the hope that he could distance his pursuers.

Vain hope! They gained upon them at every bound, and soon the arrows were whizzing around their ears. Then the horse ridden by the half-breed stumbled and fell, and the party were soon surrounded by mounted Indians.

They did not offer any violence to the half-breed or squaw, but the leader of the party rode up beside Lucy, and lifting her from her horse as if she had been a child, he placed her on the saddle in front of him. Then he gave some order which she could not understand, and they set off for the west at a rapid pace.

The hopes of Lucy sunk within her heart as she considered her situation. While with Dupont, she had some hopes of escape; but now the prospects were changed. She was going she knew not whither, and in answer to her question where they were taking her, the leader only shook his head, as though he could not understand her.

They treated her very kindly, erecting a lodge each night for her to sleep in, and furnishing plenty of blankets for her use. To these delicate attentions was added the most choice bits of meat, and had not the dreadful idea of captivity stared her in the face, Lucy would have thoroughly enjoyed the bivouac. As it was, she could only submit to what was evidently her destiny, and pray to God for deliverance.

After due time they arrived at the village of the Teton Sioux, and a reception was accorded the successful warriors such as she had never seen before. She was conducted to a

lodge and an old squaw left with her as a guard, while for the two succeeding days the festivities went on. No one offered to molest her, and she was allowed to go where she pleased if accompanied by the old squaw.

After she had been in the village about a week, a warrior came in one morning, dressed in all the finery of an Indian beau, and addressed her:

"The pale-face maiden is very fair to look upon, and the heart of Analaska is warm for her! Will she go and live in his lodge, and keep his heart always warm?"

Then Lucy Graham saw in terror a vision of her future. Could she give up all the bright anticipations of her life, and become the companion and slave of a degraded savage? The thought was so repulsive that it made her shudder. But she thought, "I must not make him angry, for I am in his power," and she replied:

"Analaska must give me time to think. Why does he not choose some fair maiden of his own race? and then if his heart is kind, he will let me go back to my father. I should die, I know, if I should never see my friends again. The brave has not a hard heart. Think of this and send the poor white girl to her father once more, that she may be the joy of his declining years."

"No," answered the warrior. "Analaska has set his heart on this, and can not bear that a white warrior shall have the sweet flower he wants for his own lodge. But I will come again after two days, and I hope the white maiden will be ready;" and with a look which was doubtless intended to be one of melting tenderness he left the lodge.

When he was gone Lucy seated herself on a pile of robes and commenced weeping bitterly; and as she sat there, a little figure darkened the door, and stood looking at the mourner. Then, as Lucy looked up, the Indian girl said:

"Why is the white maiden so sad?"

Then Lucy told her, as well as she could, the troubles she had passed through, and of the proposal she had received from Analaska, and she added:

"I can not stay here, for I should die, and I would rather die than marry one so far different from myself. Oh! if you have a woman's heart, help me to get away from here."

The Indian girl replied:

"My father is the great chief, Setting Bull, but even he can do nothing; for the laws of the tribe are fixed; and though your captor could not marry you, he can sell you to some one else, and you will be obliged to marry according to our rules. But my husband, the white chief, is very kind. I will speak to him, and perhaps he can help you."

In the afternoon she received a visit from the white chief, who, as "Greasy" had said, "run ther machine purty much as he pleased."

He addressed her kindly, saying:

"My wife tells me you wish to see me. I was not aware that a white captive was in the village or I should certainly have seen you before this. Will you please tell me your name, and how you came to be in the hands of our warriors?"

When Lucy told her name, the white man started as though stung by an adder; but Lucy did not notice it, and proceeded to narrate again the story of her abduction, and how a warrior had that morning offered to marry her, and ended by supplicating the white chief to intercede for her:

"If you have any power in the tribe, then for the sake of your mother and sister, if not for mine, deliver me from this captivity!"

Tears glistened for a moment in the white man's eyes; then as if ashamed he brushed them hastily away and replied:

"My mother and sister are, I trust, in heaven; but I will do what I can for you. You must know that the laws of the Indians are not made for a day, and that no one in the tribe can change them to suit his own convenience. But since I have been with this tribe I am happy to know that no one of my own race has been tortured or kept long in captivity. I will see the Indian who has bought you for a wife, and perhaps I can make some arrangement with him. However, keep up good courage, and do not cry over what can not be helped; and I will do what I can for you."

So saying he withdrew, and Lucy found herself with courage and hopes renewed, and looked forward to the time when she would again be beneath her father's roof, and—shall we

say—to the time when she should again meet the young trapper.

According to promise, the white chief sought out the warrior who wanted a wife, and said to him :

“ Will you sell me the white maiden ? ”

“ Cowin ! No, I won't ! ” answered the warrior. “ I want some one to do my work, and she suits me good, so I won't sell her ! ”

“ Do you know, ” asked the chief, “ what the consequences will be if you force her to marry you ? You know I have made it a rule that no one of my own race should be kept a captive, and I promise you that if you do not sell her to me I will make some lively times for you ! ”

“ Waugh ! Mo-he-nes-to is very brave but I am not afraid of him ! He has turned the head of the old chief, and thinks he can do as he likes ; but Analaska is no child, and does not fear him. The white maiden must be my squaw ! ”

“ But I say she shall not ! ” replied the white chief, somewhat angrily ; “ and what I say, I generally do. ”

“ Then you must fight for her, ” said the Indian.

“ Very well, so be it, ” was the reply. “ When shall it be ? ”

“ Now, ” said the Indian.

They both stripped, and then was presented the spectacle of an Indian duel. They were armed only with knives, and each knew that one or the other would never leave the lodge alive. The Indian was the first to commence the fight, and he sprung at the white man with a blow which was intended to end it ; but it was skillfully dodged, and as he returned to the charge the white chief parried the blow with his left arm, and with his right he sheathed his knife in the Indian's breast, who fell almost without a groan. Thus at the second blow the white chief settled the question of ownership ; and going to the lodge occupied by Lucy he said, laughingly :

“ Come, you are my property now, according to Indian etiquette, for I have just bought you. While you remain in the village you may stay with my wife. ”

Lucy arose, and passing out of the lodge, she stopped and exclaimed :

“ There is blood upon your hands ; I hope you did not

risk your life for me, and take another human being's instead!"

"Yes and no," he replied. "I did risk my life, and an Indian has gone to the spirit-land, but I question whether he was human!"

"How could you do so?" she asked. "Why should you care for a poor girl like me?"

"Well, I will tell you. You have something to live for—I have not. You have relations who love you—mine are all dead, and there is no love for me except little Wa-bun-essie here. She should have been a white woman—but then she would have been like all the rest—fair to look upon, but as false as she is fair!"

"I do not understand you," replied Lucy. "You speak as if you had had some unpleasant experiences with fair women."

"So I have," he answered; "but let that pass. You are free now to go where you please. Have you any idea how you are going to get home?"

"I can walk," said Lucy; "or perhaps I can beg a horse of some one."

"You would make a poor figure, I am afraid, after an eight-hundred-mile walk. You forget how long you were on the road."

The situation of affairs was indeed not very cheerful, for though she was free, yet still she was a captive. At length she looked up from her reverie, and asked:

"Can not you go with me?"

"Perhaps," he replied. "But why should I?"

"Oh, sir! Do not trifle with my feelings! Imagine my situation! My father must be nearly frantic; and what will become of me, and of him, if I can not get back! Imagine your sister in my place—what would be your feelings until you knew if I were dead or alive. Oh! help me, and I will pray for you to my dying day, and—"

"Enough. Make yourself easy now, and I will see what can be done," he said, and left the lodge.

When he was gone Lucy asked his wife:

"Where did the white chief come from? He reminds me constantly of some one I know."

"I do not know," replied the Indian girl. "Perhaps he will tell you if you ask him."

While they were conversing the white chief went to the lodge of Setting Bull, and finding him alone, thus addressed him :

"My father, I have come to see if you will let me have a party of warriors, and conduct the white captive to her home, near the great north river."

"I am afraid," answered the chief, "you will not return ! Does not your heart still long for your friends in the land of the rising sun ; and are you not tired of your life here ?"

The white chief replied :

"I have told you once that I have no friends ; and if my life here is not just what I would like, it does not matter. I promise you I will return before the next full moon, if I live. Did I ever tell you a lie ?"

"No. My son has not a forked tongue, and he may do as he pleases." By and by the great chief of the Sioux will go to the spirit-land, then you must stay with my people always. But when will you start ?" asked the chief.

"To-morrow," replied the white man. "I will call the warriors together now, and choose those I want, so they can all be ready. Then—"

He was interrupted by a series of yells, and going to the door of the lodge he was met by a score of infuriated warriors, who demanded to know why he had slain Analaska. They looked the murder that was in their hearts, as they demanded the life of the white man.

The white chief raised his hand, at which the infuriated mob were silent, and he addressed them :

"Tetons, you know that so long as I stay here no one of my own race can be kept a captive. I tried to buy the white maiden of Analaska, but he was mad and called me hard names. He would not sell her ; but he offered to fight me, and said that the one who killed the other should have the white maiden. You know the rest. Analaska fell, and it was right ! Am I not, next to Setting Bull, the head chief of this village ? If you do not like me you can go away ! But before you go let me ask you : what would have become

of you last winter, if it had not been for me? You were all sick, and the drugs of the medicine-man done you no good. Who was it that rode to the Big Fort (Benton) and got the medicine that saved your lives? Now you want to kill me! Shame on you, Tetons, that you do not know your friend. Go to your teepees, and when you see me again, I will forget that you were ever angry."

Like oil upon the troubled waters, had been the harangue of the white chief; for according to their code of honor he was perfectly justified in killing Analaska. Another thing, they were somewhat afraid of him, for they knew that he feared nothing, and that those who incurred his ill will, somehow or other, had a hard time in the village. As the hunter, Bridger, had said: "The white chief had a strange power over that savage horde." He was doing, single-handed and alone, what a regiment of soldiers could not have done by force.

He called the pipe-men, and ordered them to assemble the warriors at his teepee. When they were all there, he said:

"I want a hundred of you to go with me to the settlement on the great river of the north. We must go through the country of the Blackfeet; the Unk-pa-pas; and the Crees. We may have hard fighting, and some of us will never return; but wherever we go or whoever we fight, they will not soon forget the Teton braves! Now who of you will go?"

Every man of that large throng stepped forward, eager to accompany him; but he said, kindly:

"No, not all. Some one must remain to take care of the village. As you go past me I will choose the hundred who are to go."

During his conversation with the Indians, Lucy and his wife stood in the door of the lodge; and although Lucy could not understand the language he had used, she surmised what he was saying, and could not help admiring the fine forms of the Teton braves as they filed past the lodge.

The white chief selected the hundred who were to accompany him, and bidding them be ready at sunrise, he entered his lodge, saying:

"Miss Graham, we will start in the morning for your home. Are you sorry?"

"By no means," she answered, "though I have had pleasant company here; and owe you an everlasting debt of gratitude for your kindness to me."

As the chief turned from Lucy, the pleading eyes of Wabun-essie, his wife, met his own; and he could not fail to read therein the tender love of the Indian maiden; yet when she asked, "May I go too?" he replied:

"Not this time, little one. The road is long, and you would fare hard, I am afraid. When I come back I will bring you some braid and blue cloth, and you can be happy again."

She acquiesced in his decision without a murmur, though the tear-drops which had glistened in her eyes a moment before were brushed away somewhat rudely; and she busied herself in preparing whatever was needful for his long journey.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE CAPTIVE AND THE WHITE CHIEF.

MORNING came and Lucy Graham was awakened by the trampling of many hoofs, and as she arose and went out to the door, a sight met her eyes such as she had never seen before. A hundred warriors—the flower of the Teton Sioux—were awaiting the white chief; their gayly-caparisoned steeds prancing and pawing as if in a hurry to go.

Presently he appeared leading a horse, upon which he had arranged a saddle for Lucy, and followed by another, a perfect king of a horse. He accosted Lucy with:

"Well, Miss Graham, we are rather early it seems; but the road is long, and the sooner we are off the sooner we shall be back."

"I am all ready," she replied, then bidding the Indian girl good-by she mounted her horse, and they awaited the order of the chief to start. He leaped upon his horse, and as his little wife banded him his gun, he stooped and gave her a farewell kiss, saying:

"By-by, Wa-bun-essie—don't be sad while I am gone." Then turning he led the way out upon the plains toward the great river of the north.

Lucy rode beside the chief, and as they went at an easy gallop she had plenty of time to think over the events of the past two weeks, and she could not repress an exclamation of delight at the thought of once more seeing her father—and the young trapper.

Observing that the chief was looking rather solemn, she said:

"My friend, I thought you said there was no one on earth who loved you! You forgot your little wife, did you not?"

"No," he replied. "I believe she would go through fire for me; but what do you think my college chums would say if they could only see me now?"

"Please tell me more about yourself?" she asked.

"Where did you come from? and why do you stay among these Indians?"

"It is a long story," he replied, "but I will tell you enough of it to excuse my nomadic life. I was born in the little village of Bethel, away up among the mountains of Maine, and—"

"So was I," interrupted Lucy. "What is your name?"

"The Indians call me Mo-he-nes-to," he replied, "and I have heard my own name but once in five years. For the present, you may call me your friend, but some time or other, if I live, you shall know the rest; then I have no doubt you will recognize your old schoolmate. I remember very well how I have often gone coasting with a little girl named Lucy Graham; but that is away back in my boyhood's years, among the buried memories of the past. Heavens! If only my whole past brought me no more bitter memories than those of my youth!"

They rode in silence for some time, during which the white chief seemed to be communing with himself, and struggling to gain the mastery over his feelings; at length he continued:

"My parents removed to Portland, and I was sent away to school. Hard study and a too-close confinement told upon my constitution, and I fell into a rapid decline, the physicians declaring my disease to be an incurable consumption, so that, as a last resort, I was sent to Cuba. After a year there, I returned to my studies. The third year of my college life my father and sister died. My mother and brother removed to Michigan, and I have ever since been a wanderer. I believe I was born with a thirst for adventure, and that thirst, I may say, has been satisfied to the fullest extent. I entered the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, and for four years worked and starved in a service in which I had not one cent's worth of interest. Then came the war in the States, and I enlisted—not from patriotism, but from a restless longing for adventure that would never rest, and also because my brother had enlisted. The second year of the war my brother was killed, and the same week my mother died. I was wounded and promoted, but leaving the service, I found myself again among the mountains as a free trapper. Down among the

Black Hills I was taken captive by this band, and for some reason which I could never understand, I was adopted into the tribe. To secure more privileges and freedom, and to make life easier, I married the daughter of the chief, and have never regretted it. By a reckless disregard of consequences in time of danger, which they mistook for bravery, I rose rapidly in their estimation, and am now the third councilor of the nation, and next to Setting Bull in authority. And so, after a life of varied adventures, I find myself where you see me. My position is in some respects an enviable one, in others not so good. I miss the companionship of others of my own race, but I enjoy myself very well, after a fashion. I am doing as much good, I presume, here, as I could in any other vocation in life; for many a white man may thank me for his scalp, and many a white maiden that she is not a degraded savage. I believe I feel as proud of this band of warriors as I ever did of a company of soldiers; and with them my word is law. You know it is human nature for men to love power, and you have observed the ready obedience they manifest. I don't know why it is, but they seem to like me, and vie with each other in winning my favor. They are a little afraid of me, too; for if one gets rebellious, I knock him down and disgrace him if I can—if they use force, I make short work of it, as I did the one who fell in love with you. But I have been with the Indians long enough to know that it is a very easy matter to make an Indian out of a white man, and that no power on earth can make a white man of an Indian. There, will that satisfy you?"

"For the present," replied Lucy; "but to-night you must tell me some of your adventures, if you will."

"With pleasure," he answered, "if they will interest you."

The quick eye of the white chief had detected something unusual ahead, and he ordered a halt. Then he gave an order to the Indian riding next to him, who took his station beside Lucy; and giving the war-cry of the Sioux, Lucy and the warrior were left alone, while the white chief and his band were circling away over the plain. On, on they went, until nearly out of sight, and Lucy could hear the dim report

of firearms, and knew that they had met the enemy. Then, after a long time, they returned, and the white chief beckoned for the warrior and Lucy to advance.

Lucy saw that the party had taken a prisoner, and expressing some surprise thereat, the white chief said :

"Yes, we only got one. He is a Blackfoot, and had no business on our hunting-grounds." Then the chief ordered two of his warriors to conduct the prisoner back to the village, and give him into the hands of Setting Bull.

"What will be done with him?" inquired Lucy.

"I do not know," he replied; "but I am afraid the Blackfeet will never see him again. You see, we must protect ourselves, for if we should allow every one to run over our hunting-grounds, we should soon have no game. But if it will not tire you, we will ride a little faster, or it will be late before I reach the place where I want to camp."

"All right," replied Lucy; "I will try you a race." And off they started, their fleet horses fairly flying over the ground.

Early in the afternoon they halted beside a cool stream overhung by drooping willows and lined with a beautiful sward of green; and the chief asked: "Is not this a pretty place?"

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Lucy. "I do not wonder very much that you should like your wild life, for you are free to go where you please."

"There is where you are mistaken," he replied. "I am watched every day of my life by these Indians; in fact, I was obliged to give my word that I would return, before the old chief would consent to let me go. But sometimes I think I never want to leave them. It is only when I get the 'blues' that I feel like running away, and on such occasions little Wa-bun-essie will not leave me for a moment. Well, I see they have put up your teepe, so you had better rest awhile."

"I am not a bit tired," replied Lucy, "thanks to the saddle you improvised for me; however, I will obey, and in return for being so dutiful, you must promise me a long story this evening."

Lucy entered the lodge, and the white chief busied himself in looking after the welfare of his warriors. Some were

bringing in wood; some were fishing in the stream near by; while others had gone for game for supper. All hands were successful, and after a hearty meal of fish and venison, Lucy came out to the camp-fire, and seating herself beside the white chief, she said: "Now for a story!"

"All right," he replied, "here goes. Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Jack, and a little girl named Gill—"

"Oh, you provoking fellow! I learned that story by heart when I was yet a child! Tell me one of your own adventures—how you came to be captured by the Indians!"

"That's it, is it? I thought you wanted a story, and Jack and Gill is a very interesting one, I assure you; but if you don't like that, I'll tell you one of a different kind, though the sequel is about the same.

"I had," he continued, "been trapping all the fall and winter before on the streams and lakes which compose the head-waters of the Yellowstone, and gone down to the fort to sell my furs, and have some fun. There was lots of Indian girls there, and what was better, about a hundred trappers, many of whom I knew, and I went in for a good time—and had it."

"I laid in my supply of ammunition, tobacco, and clothing, and the rest of my money I squandered away on those Indian girls, and in buying whisky for my trapper friends. I did not drink any myself, for it is a poor habit out here in the mountains where a man is surrounded by all sorts of dangers; but in about six weeks the trader at the fort had all my money. So I got ready for a trip to the Nez Perce country where I had heard there was an abundance of game, and just as I was leaving the fort, there came in an Indian whom I knew. He was one of the Loup band of Pawnees, and was named Tousegawamba; and he was as decent an Indian as I ever came across. It did not take much coaxing to induce him to accompany me, and we started off together.

"Well, we got up into the Sioux country and accidentally came across a hunting party of six Sioux warriors. Tauzy, as I used to call him, took a notion to their scalps, so I agreed to wait for him. I have always made it a rule, never to kill

an Indian if I could help it, and I told Tauzy I would not help him. Night came, and the Indians did not suspect any danger, so they all went to sleep without leaving a guard; and Tauzy went for their scalps. He left his gun with me, and taking his hatchet in his hand he advanced to the first sleeper, and after tapping him on the head he stepped over him and a dull thud told me that another Sioux had gone on his last hunt. Just as he was stepping over the last victim his foot slipped in the blood, and the blow he had intended for the third one's head, only bit his shoulder. He sprung up with a howl, but it was his last one, for Tauzy soon took the conceit out of him. Then the rest of them awoke and sprung to their feet. Tauzy thought discretion the better part of valor, and not wanting to lose his own scalp, he ran. As he came past the spot where I was concealed, I saw that he was in a fair way for losing it, so I drew a bead on the foremost Indian, and brought him down. The rest of them turned and ran, evidently thinking there was an ambush near; and that was the last we saw of them. Tauzy went back and removed the scalp from the one I had shot, and also those he had killed; and we laid down and went to sleep.

"Well, we tramped along two or three days after that, but one day when we were out on the open plain we found ourselves surrounded by about a hundred mounted Sioux. They were all well armed, and made the bullets fly around rather promiscuously. So we thought the nearest we could come to strategy was to surrender—and we did. They took us to the village we left this morning, and such another time I never saw. We were subjected to all kinds of indignities, and after due time the council met to decide our fate. Tauzy was doomed to the stake; in addition to which he was to run the gantlet; but from the first the old chief took a liking to me, and he resolved to make an Indian of me. So he told me I might live if I would join the tribe; but I was contrary and spunky, and refused. I felt that I would rather die than stay there on compulsion. But the old chief was as obstinate as I was, and had his own way.

"The day for the torture came, and Tauzy was brought out to run the gantlet. The Indians were formed in tw

lines, nearly half a mile long; each one armed with a whip or club, with which they proposed to shower blows upon poor Tauzy's back. But they rather fooled themselves, for Tauzy just gave a jump between the lines, and facing about, he gave the Indian in front of him an awful blow in the face, and leaping over him, he ran for the hills to the south of the village. Tauzy was a splendid runner, and succeeded in reaching the hills, and eluding his pursuers.

"After that I was allowed to do pretty much as I pleased in all things except leaving, and as soon as I found out there was no use in trying, I gave it up and made up my mind to join them. The old chief offered me his daughter if I would join them; and she seemed just as anxious to have me stay as he was. That is how it happened, and I see you are getting sleepy; so you must still be dutiful and retire to your rest. Some time I will tell you more."

"Wait a minute," said Lucy; "tell me what became of Tauzy, as you call him?"

"He must have hung around some time, waiting for me; for about a week afterward, a warrior came in with a scalp which I recognized as Tauzy's. But—well, that Indian did not keep it long. He went to keep Tauzy company, and he did not want to go either. Don't ask me any more about him, for it makes me cross," said the white chief.

"Well then, good-night," answered Lucy

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIAN "AT HOME."

ON the evening of the fifth day after leaving the village of the Teton Sioux, Lucy said to the white hunter, "Please tell me some more of the incidents of your eventful life, or some old Indian legend; the evenings are so long and pleasant that it seems a pity to sleep the time away."

"Well," said the guide, "I hardly know what to tell you. My life has been a continuation of incidents, some painful and others ridiculous; and of Indian legends there are a score or more. Did you ever hear the legend of Paup-puk-keewis?"

"No: I do not remember any such. Who was he? Some great chief, or some beautiful Indian princess?" said she.

"I will tell you the legend," he replied, "as I heard it many years ago, when I first came to the Indian country. The word Paup-puk-keewis seems to be derived from the same source as Paup-puk-ke-nay, a grasshopper; the inflection is making it personal. The Indian idea is that of harum-scarum. He was regarded as a sort of foil to Manabozo, with whom he is frequently brought in contact in aboriginal story craft. But," he continued, "the story is a long one, and I may weary you."

"Never fear," said Lucy. "I should never tire of hearing you talk, no matter what the subject."

"Quite a compliment," he replied. "If I were a city gent, now, I should feel highly flattered; but being only a rough trapper I can have no choice. However, this is not telling the legend; so, while you get your shawl I will station the guards, and we will proceed."

"As the legend runs, a man of large stature, and great activity of mind and body, found himself standing alone on a prairie. He thought to himself, 'How came I here? Are there no beings on this earth but myself? I must travel and see. I must walk till I find the abodes of men.' So soon as his mind was made up, he set out, he knew not where, in

search of habitations. No obstacles could divert him from his purpose. Neither prairies, woods, rivers nor storms had the effect to daunt his courage and turn him back. After traveling a long time, he came to a wood, in which he saw decayed trunks of trees, as if they had been cut in ancient times, but no other traces of men.

"Pursuing his journey, he found more recent marks of the same kind; and after this, he came to fresh traces of human beings—first their footsteps, and then the wood they had cut, lying in heaps. Continuing on, he emerged toward dusk from the forest, and beheld at a distance a large village of high lodges, standing on rising ground. He said to himself, 'I will arrive there on a run.' Off he started with all his speed. On coming to the first large lodge, he jumped over it. Those within saw something pass over the opening, and then heard a thump on the ground.

"'Who is that?' they all cried.

"One came out to see, and invited him in. He found himself in company with an old chief and several men, who were seated in the lodge. Meat was set before him, after which the chief asked him where he was going, and what his name was. He answered that he was in search of adventures, and his name was Paup-puk-keewiss. A stare followed.

"'Paup puk-keewiss!' said one to another, and a general titter went round.

"He was not easy in his new position; the village was too small to give him full scope for his powers, and after a short stay, he made up his mind to go further, taking with him a young man who had formed a strong attachment for him, and might serve him as his mesh-in-au-wa (pipe-bearer). They set out together, and when his companion was fatigued with walking, he would show him a few tricks, such as leaping over trees, and turning around on one leg till he made the dust fly, by which he was mightily pleased, although it sometimes happened that the character of these tricks frightened him.

"One day they came to a very large village, where they were well received. After staying in it some time they were informed of a number of manitoes who lived at a distance, and who made it a practice to kill all who came to their lodge.

Attempts had been made to extirpate them, but the war-parties who went out for that purpose were always unsuccessful. Paup-puk-keewiss determined to visit them although he was advised not to do so. The chief warned him of the danger of the visit; but, finding him resolved:

“ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘if you will go, being my guest, I will send twenty warriors to serve you.’

“ He thanked him for his offer. Twenty young men were ready at the instant, and they went forward, and in due time descried the lodge of the manitoes. He placed his friend and the warriors near enough to see all that passed, while he went alone to the lodge. As he entered, he saw five horrid-looking manitoes in the act of eating. It was the father and his four sons. They looked hideous; their eyes were swimming low in their heads as if half-starved. They offered him something to eat, which he refused.

“ ‘What have you come for?’ said the old one.

“ ‘Nothing,’ Paup-puk-keewiss answered.

“ They all stared at him.

“ ‘Do you not wish to wrestle?’ they all asked.

“ ‘Yes,’ he replied.

“ A hideous smile came over their faces.

“ ‘You go,’ they said to the eldest brother.

“ They got ready, and were soon clinched in each other’s arms for a deadly throw. He knew their object—his death—his *flesh*—was all they wanted, but he was prepared for them.

“ ‘How! How!’ they cried, and soon the dust and dry leaves flew about as if driven by a strong wind.

“ The manito was strong, but Paup-puk-keewiss soon found that he could master him; and, giving him a trip, he threw him with a giant’s force head foremost on a stone, and he fell like a puffed thing.

“ The brothers stepped up in quick succession, but he put a number of tricks in force, and soon the whole four lay bleeding on the ground. The old manito got frightened and ran for his life. Paup-puk-keewiss pursued him for sport; sometimes he was before him, sometimes flying over his head. He would now give him a kick, then a push or a trip, till he was almost exhausted. Meantime his friend and the warriors

laughed. The manito only turned his head now and then to look back; at last, Paup-puk-keewiss gave him a kick on his back, and broke his back-bone; down he fell, and the blood gushing out of his mouth prevented him from saying a word. The warriors piled all the bodies together in the lodge, and then took fire and burned them. They all looked with deep interest at the quantity of human bones scattered around.

"Paup-puk-keewiss then took three arrows, and, after having performed a ceremony to the Great Spirit, he shot one into the air, crying, with a loud voice:

"*You, who are lying down, rise up, or you will be hit!*" The bones all moved to one place. He shot the second arrow, repeating the same words, when each bone drew toward its fellow-bone; the third arrow brought forth to life the whole multitude of people who had been killed by the manitoes. Paup-puk-keewiss then led them to the chief of the village, who had proved his friend, and gave them up to him. Soon after the chief came with his councilors.

"*'Who is more worthy,' said he, 'to rule than you? You alone can defend them.'*

"Paup-puk-keewiss thanked him, and told him he was in search of more adventures. The chief insisted. Paup-puk-keewiss told him to confer the chieftainship on his friend, who, he said, would remain, while he went on his travels. He told them that he would, some time or other, come back and see them.

"*'Ho! ho! ho!' they all cried, 'come back again and see us.'* He promised them he would, and then set out alone.

"After traveling some time, he came to a large lake; on looking about, he discovered a very large otter on an island. He thought to himself: *'His skin will make me a fine pouch,'* and immediately drew up, at long shots, and drove an arrow into his side. He waded into the lake, and with some difficulty dragged him ashore. He took out the entrails, and even then the carcass was so heavy that it was as much as he could do to drag it up a hill overlooking the lake. As soon as he got him up into the sunshine, where it was warm, he skinned him, and threw the carcass some distance, thinking the war-eagle would come, and he should have a chance to get his skin and feathers as head ornaments. He soon heard a rush-

ing noise in the air, but could see nothing; by-and-by, a large eagle dropped, as if from the air, on the otter's carcass. He drew his bow and the arrow passed through under both his wings. The bird made a convulsive flight upward with such force, that the heavy carcass was borne up several feet. Fortunately, both claws were fastened deeply into the meat, the weight of which soon brought the bird down. He skinned him, crowned his head with the trophy, and next day was on his way, on the look-out for something new.

"After walking awhile he came to a lake, which flooded the trees on its banks; he found it was only a lake made by beavers. He took his station on the elevated dam, where the stream escaped, to see whether any of the beavers would show themselves. He soon saw the head of one of them peeping out of the water to see who disturbed them.

"My friend," said Paup-puk-keewiss, "could you not turn me into a beaver like yourself?" for he thought, if he could become a beaver, he would see and know how those animals lived.

"I do not know," replied the beaver; "I will go and ask the others."

"Soon all the beavers showed their heads above the water, and looked to see if he was armed; but he had left his bow and arrows in a hollow tree, at a short distance. When they were satisfied they all came near.

"Can you not, with all your united power," said he, "turn me into a beaver? I wish to live among you."

"Yes," answered their chief; "lie down;" and he soon found himself changed into one of them.

"You must make me *large*," said he; "*larger* than any of you."

"Yes, yes!" said they. "By-and-by, when we get into the lodge, it shall be done."

"In they all dived into the lake; and, in passing large heaps of limbs and logs at the bottom, he asked the use of them; they answered: 'It is for our winter's provisions.' When they all got into the lodge, their number was about one hundred.

"Now we will make you large," said they. "Will *that* do?" exerting their power.

" 'Yes,' he answered, for he found he was ten times the size of the largest.

" 'You need not go out,' said they. 'We will bring your food into the lodge, and you will be our chief.'

" 'Very well,' he answered. He thought, 'I will stay here and grow fat at their expense.' But soon after, one ran into the lodge out of breath, saying: 'We are visited by Indians.' All huddled together in great fear. The water began to lower, for the hunters had broken down the dam, and they soon heard them on the roof of the lodge, breaking it up. Out jumped all the beavers into the water, and so escaped. Paup-puk-keewiss tried to follow them; but alas! they had made him so large that he could not creep out of the hole. He tried to call them back, but to no effect; he worried himself so much in trying to escape that he looked like a bladder. He could not turn himself back into a man, although he heard and understood all the hunters said. One of them put his head in at the top of the lodge.

" 'Ty-an!' he cried; 'Tut-ty-an! Me-shau-mik—king of the beavers is in.' They all got at him, and knocked his skull till it was as soft as his brains. He thought as well as ever he did, although he was a beaver. Seven or eight of them then placed his body on poles and carried him home. As they went, he reflected in this manner: 'What will become of me? My ghost or shadow will not die after they get me to their lodges.' Invitations were immediately sent out for a grand feast. The women took him out into the snow to skin him; but, as soon as his flesh got cold, his *jee-bi* went off.

" Paup-puk-keewiss found himself standing near a prairie, having re-assumed his mortal shape. After walking a distance, he saw a herd of elk feeding. He admired the apparent ease and enjoyment of their life, and thought there could be nothing more pleasant than the liberty of running about and feeding on the prairies. He asked them if they could not turn him into their shape.

" 'Yes,' they answered, after a pause. 'Get down on your hands and feet.' And he soon found himself an elk.

" 'I want big horns, big feet,' said he; 'I wish to be very large.'

" 'Yes! yes!' they said.

“ ‘There!’ exerting their power; ‘are you big enough?’

“ ‘Yes!’ he answered, for he saw that he was very large. They spent a good time in grazing and running. Being rather cold one day, he went into a thick wood for shelter, and was followed by most of the herd. They had not been long there before some elks from behind passed the others like a strong wind. All took the alarm, and off they ran, he with the rest.

“ ‘Keep out on the plains,’ they said.

“ But he found it was too late, as they had already got entangled in the thick woods. Paup-puk-keewiss soon smelt the hunters, who were closely following his trail, for they had left all the others and followed him. He jumped furiously, and broke down saplings in his flight, but it only served to retard his progress. He soon felt an arrow in his side; he jumped over trees in his agony, but the arrows clattered thicker and thicker upon his sides, and at last one entered his heart. He fell to the ground, and heard the whoop of triumph sounded by the hunters. On coming up, they looked on the carcass with astonishment, and with their hands up to their mouths, exclaimed: ‘Ty-an! Ty-an!’ There were about sixty in the party, who had come out on a special hunt, as one of their number had, the day before, observed his *large tracks* on the plains. After skinning him and his flesh getting cold, his *jee-bi* took its flight from the carcass, and he again found himself in human shape, with a bow and arrows.

“ But his passion for adventure was not yet cooled; for, on coming to a large lake with a sandy beach, he saw a large flock of brant, and, speaking to them, asked them to turn him into a brant.

“ ‘Yes,’ they replied.

“ ‘But I want to be very large,’ he said.

“ ‘Very well,’ they answered; and he soon found himself a large brant, all the others standing gazing in astonishment at his great size.

“ ‘You must fly as leader,’ they said.

“ ‘No,’ answered Paup-puk-keewiss, ‘I will fly behind.’

“ ‘Very well,’ they said. ‘One thing more we have to say to you. You must be careful, in flying, not to look *down*, for something may happen to you.’

"Well! it is so," said he; and soon the flock rose up into the air, for they were bound north. They flew very fast, he behind. One day, while going with a strong wind, and as swift as their wings could flap, while passing over a large village, the Indians raised a great shout on seeing them, particularly on Patip-puk-keewiss' account, for his wings were broader than two large anpukwa (mats). They made such a noise that he forgot what had been told him about looking down. They were now going as swift as arrows; and as soon as he brought his neck in and stretched it down to look at the shouters, his tail was caught by the wind, and over and over he was blown. He tried to right himself, but without success. Down, down he went, making more turns than he wished for, from a height of several miles. The first thing he knew was that he was jammed into a large hollow tree. To get back or forward was out of the question, and there he remained till his brant-life was ended by starvation. His *jee-bi* again left the carcass, and he once more found himself in the shape of a human being.

"Traveling was still his passion; and, while traveling, he came to a lodge in which were two old men with heads white from age. They treated him well, and he told them that he was going back to his village to see his friends and people. They said they would aid him, and pointed out the direction he should go; but they were deceivers. After walking all day, he came to a lodge looking very much like the first, with two old men in it with white heads. It was, in fact, the very same lodge, and he had been walking in a circle; but they did not undeceive him, pretending to be strangers, and saying, in a kind voice: 'We will show you the way.' After walking the third day, and coming back to the same place, he found them out in their tricks, for he had cut a notch on the door-post.

"'Who are you,' said he to them, 'to treat me so?' and he gave one a kick and the other a slap, which killed them. Their blood flew against the rocks near the lodge, and this is the reason there are red streaks in them to this day. He then burned their lodge down, and freed the earth of two pretended good men, who were manitoes.

He then continued his journey, not knowing exactly which

way to go. At last he came to a big lake. He got on the highest hill to try and see the opposite side, but he could not. He then made a canoe, and took a sail into the lake. On looking into the water, which was very clear, he saw the bottom covered with dark fishes, numbers of which he caught. This inspired him with a wish to return to his village and bring his people to live near this lake. He went on, and toward evening came to a large island, where he encamped and ate the fish he had speared.

"Next day he returned to the mainland, and in wandering along the shore, he encountered a more powerful manito than himself, called Manabozho. He thought best, after playing him a trick, to keep out of his way. He again thought of returning to his village; and transforming himself into a partridge, took his flight toward it. In a short time he reached it, and his return was welcomed with feasting and songs. He told them of the lake and the fish, and persuaded them all to remove to it, as it would be easier for them to live there. He immediately began to remove them by short encampments, and all things turned out as he had said. They caught abundance of fish. After this, a messenger came for him in the shape of a bear, who said that their king wished to see him immediately at his village. Paup-puk-keewiss was ready in an instant; and, getting on the messenger's back, off he ran. Toward evening they went up a high mountain, and came to a cave where the bear-king lived. He was a very large person, and made him welcome by inviting him into his lodge. As soon as propriety allowed, he spoke, and said that he had sent for him on hearing that he was the chief who was moving a large party toward his hunting grounds.

" 'You must know,' said he, 'that you have no right there. And I wish you would leave the country with your party, or else the strongest force will take possession.'

" 'Very well,' replied Paup-puk-keewiss. 'So be it.' He did not wish to do any thing without consulting his people; and besides, he saw that the bear-king was raising a war-party. He then told him he would go back that night. The bear-king left him to do as he wished, but told him that one of his young men was ready at his command; and, im

mediately jumping on his back, Paup-puk-keewiss rode home. He assembled the village and told the young men to kill the bear, make a feast of it, and hang the head outside the village, for he knew the bear spies would soon see it, and carry the news to their chief.

"Next morning Paup-puk-keewiss got all his young warriors ready for a fight. After waiting one day, the bear-party came in sight, making a tremendous noise. The bear-chief advanced and said that he did not wish to shed the blood of the young warriors; but that if he, Paup-puk-keewiss consented, they two would have a race, and the winner should kill the losing chief, and all his young men should be slaves to the other. Paup-puk-keewiss agreed, and they ran before all the warriors. He was victor, and came in first; but, not to terminate the race too soon, he gave the bear-chief some specimens of his skill and swiftness, by forming eddies and whirlwinds with the sand, as he leaped and turned about him. As the bear-chief came up, he drove an arrow through him, and a great chief fell. Having done this, he told his young men to take all those black-fish (meaning the bears) and tie them at the door of each lodge, that they might remain in future to serve as servants.

"After seeing that all was quiet and prosperous in the village, Paup-puk-keewiss felt his desire for adventure returning. He took a kind leave of his friend and people, and started off again. After wandering a long time, he came to the lodge of Manabozho, who was absent. He thought he would play him a trick, and so turned every thing in the lodge upside down, and killed his chickens. Now, Manabozho calls all the fowls of the air his chickens; and among the number was a raven, the meanest of birds, which Paup-puk-keewiss killed and hung up by the neck to insult him. He then went on till he came to a very high point of rocks running out into the lake, from the top of which he could see the country back as far as the eye could reach. While sitting there, Manabozho's mountain chickens flew round and past him in great numbers. So, out of spite, he shot them in great numbers, for his arrows were sure and the birds very plenty, and he amused himself by throwing the birds down the rocky precipice. At length a wary bird cried out: 'Paup-puk

keewiss is killing us. Go and tell our father.' Away flew a delegation of them, and Manabozho soon made his appearance on the plain below. Paup-puk-keewiss made his escape on the other side. Manabozho cried out from the mountain:

" 'The earth is not so large but I can get up to you.' Off Paup-puk-keewiss ran, and Manabozho after him. He ran over hills and prairies with all his speed, but still saw his pursuer hard after him. He thought of this expedient. He stopped and climbed a large pine-tree, stripped it of all its green foliage, and threw it to the winds, and then went on. When Manabozho reached the spot, the tree addressed him:

" 'Great chief,' said the tree, 'will you give me back my life again? Paup-puk-keewiss has killed me.'

" 'Yes,' replied Manabozho, and it took him some time to gather the scattered foliage, and then renewed the pursuit. Paup-puk-keewiss repeated the same thing with the hemlock, and with various other trees, for Manabozho would always stop to restore what he had destroyed. By this means he got in advance; but Manabozho persevered, and was fast overtaking him, when Paup-puk-keewiss happened to see an elk. He asked him to take him on his back, which the elk did, and for some time he made great progress, but still Manabozho was in sight. Paup-puk-keewiss dismounted, and, coming to a large sandstone rock, he broke it in pieces and scattered the grains. Manabozho was so close upon him at this place that he had almost caught him, but the foundation of the rock cried out:

" 'Haye! Ne-me-sho, Paup-puk-keewiss has spoiled me. Will you not restore me to life?'

" 'Yes,' replied Manabozho; and he restored the rock to its previous shape. He then pushed on in the pursuit of Paup-puk-keewiss, and had got so near as to put out his arm to seize him; but Paup-puk-keewiss dodged him, and immediately raised such a dust and commotion by whirlwinds as made the trees break, and the sand and leaves dance in the air. Again and again, Manabozho's hand was put out to catch him; but he dodged him at every turn, and kept up such a tumult of dust, that in the thickest of it he dashed into a hollow tree

which had been blown down, and changed himself into a snake and crept out at the root. Well that he did; for at the moment he had got out, Manabozho, who is Ogee-ban-ge-mon (lightning), struck it with his power, and it was in fragments. Paup-puk-keewiss was again in human shape; again Manabozho pressed him hard. At a distance, he saw a very high bluff of rock jutting out into the lake, and ran for the foot of the precipice, which was abrupt and elevated. As he came near, the local manito of the rock opened his door, and told him to come in. The door was no sooner closed than Manabozho knocked.

"'Open it,' he cried with a loud voice.

"The manito was afraid of him, but he said to his guest:

"'Since I have sheltered you, I would sooner die with you than open the door.'

"'Open it,' Manabozho again cried.

"The manito kept silent. Manabozho, however, made no attempt to open it by force. He waited a few moments.

"'Very well,' he said; 'I give you only till night to live.'

"The manito trembled, for he knew he would be shut up under the earth.

"Night came. The clouds hung low and black, and every moment the forked lightning would flash from them. The black clouds advanced slowly, and threw their dark shadows afar, and behind there was heard the rumbling noise of the coming thunder. As they came near to the precipice, the thunders broke, the lightning flashed, the ground shook, and the solid rocks split, tottered and fell. And under their ruins were crushed the mortal bodies of Paup-puk-keewiss and the manito.

"It was only then that Paup-puk-keewiss found he was really dead. He had been killed in different animal shapes; but now his body, in human shape, was crushed. Manabozho came and took their jee-bi-ug, or spirits.

"'You,' said he to Paup-puk-keewiss, 'shall not be again permitted to live on the earth. I will give you the shape of the war-eagle, and you will be the chief of all fowls, and your duty shall be to watch over their destinies.'

"And that," continued the guide, "is the legend. I fear I

have kept you too long from your rest already; for you will need all your strength for the morrow; so I will bid you good-night and pleasant dreams."

"Good-night," said Lucy. "I shall dream of your story, I am sure."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BACK TRAIL.

THE following day they had ridden until nearly noon when the chief ordered a halt, and looking out across the plain said :

"If I am not mistaken, there comes a horseman."

"Where?" asked Lucy.

"Away out there; further than you can see, I presume. We will keep still a few moments, and then perhaps you can see him," replied the chief.

After awhile they could all make out the moving figure, but at that distance could not tell whether it was a friend or foe. As before, the chief left a guard with Lucy, with orders to proceed slowly, and away went the party in pursuit of whoever it might be. They discovered it to be a white man, and making a wide sweep they inclosed him in a complete circle.

The stranger had halted, and now held up both hands in token of peace, when the white chief rode up to him and accosted him with :

"Stranger, do you know where you are going?"

The stranger replied :

"I am seeking the Sioux village beyond the Yellowstone."

"What for?" asked the chief. "What do you want there?"

"I don't see how that is any of your business," replied the stranger: "however, I don't mind telling you that I am seeking a white girl, named Lucy Graham, whom the Indians stole from her home near the Red River settlement."

"Do you expect to take her by force or stratagem?" asked the chief. "In either case I must say your chances are slim, for the Teton Sioux never sleep."

"Circumstances must decide my course," was the reply.
• But can you direct me to the village?"

"I guess I can, but I hardly think I shall," said the chief. "What is the girl to you?"

"Much. Every thing. More than my own life. But if you can not help me, do not hinder me by foolish questions. Good-day, Mr. White Indian—you are a pattern of civility at least." And so saying the stranger gathered up his reins, and was going to move on.

"Not so fast, sir; I want to know more about you before you go; and if you go before I tell you to, you won't know what hurt you. Now tell me your name, and where you are going to," was the demand of the chief.

"My name is Jackson," he replied, for it was indeed the white trapper; "and that is more than I know of you. Since you know my name, will you tell me yours?"

"Ask these warriors! They call me Mo-he-nes-to!" said the chief.

The trapper was surprised as well as overjoyed to hear that name, and he sprung forward with extended hands, saying:

"Just the man of all others whom I wished to meet. I have been told you are a friend to the whites. If so you will help me."

The white chief folded his arms, but refused the proffered hand, saying: "I never shake hands with any but my friends. You say you wanted to see me! I don't see what business you can possibly have with me. You say you have been told that I am friendly to the whites! Why shouldn't I be? As a proof that I am, I may tell you that my business just now is to conduct a captive white girl home to her father; and—"

"What is her name?" eagerly questioned the trapper.

"None of your business," replied the chief. "Now you may go on your journey just as soon as you please."

"But won't you tell me—"

The chief did not wait to hear the rest, but wheeling his horse, he returned to Lucy, saying:

"The man out yonder is on his way to our village in search of one Lucy Graham. He said his name was Jackson. Do you know him?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, blushing. "He is often at my father's."

"I should think he was," said the chief. "He admitted more than that to me. How funny that I should be escorting the future Mrs. Jackson. But ride ahead and see if you know him."

He waited nearly half an hour to see what Lucy and the trapper would do, but they appeared undecided. At last he saw Lucy riding toward him, and he ordered an advance. Lucy took her place by his side and said:

"You will not turn back yet, will you?"

"No," replied the white chief. "If you wish I will see you home, but I don't like that fellow out there, though!"

"Why not?" inquired Lucy.

"Oh, for the old woman's reason—because!" answered the chief.

"It is because you don't know him," said Lucy. "You will be good friends when you are better acquainted."

"I am afraid not," he replied. "But, never mind me."

So Lucy and the trapper rode together: he telling of the offer of her father, and renewing his oft-told professions of love. They were often far behind all the rest, while the white chief urged his horse forward at a rapid pace, and spoke not a word to any one. They rode fast until twilight shadows were falling over hillside and forest, when the chief ordered a halt, and the work of arranging their camp was immediately commenced. After supper Lucy said to her lover:

"Come out to the fire, and we will get the white chief to tell us some of his adventures among the Indians."

They went to the fire, but no white chief was there. Lucy asked an Indian where he was, to which he replied:

"Mo-he-nes-to is angry. He go 'way alone—no come back till sunrise!"

"I wonder what in the world he is angry about? He does not like you," she said, "for some reason or other; and I am very sorry. He and I were born in the same town, but he will not tell me his name—only what the Indians call him. But you are tired, and so am I, and sleepy too, so I will bid you good-night. I suppose you know how to take care of yourself?"

"Yes," he replied. "Good-night. I wish that strange

chief was here, I would apologize to him for my rudeness; but as he is not, I guess I'll go to sleep. I think I've seen him somewhere before, but I can not imagine where."

They were awake bright and early in the morning, and having finished their breakfast they mounted their horses, when Lucy asked:

"Where is the chief? Can it be possible he has left us?"

"Here I am," replied the chief; "you are all ready I see, so let us be off." He did not notice the trapper by even a look or nod, but giving the order to start, they were soon going as fast as the broken country would allow. Lucy told her lover to remain with the Indians, while she had a talk with the white chief; and riding up beside him, she said:

"I am so sorry, my friend, that you are angry at Mr. Jackson. Indeed I am. But perhaps you have cause. However, that is no reason why you and I should not be friends. So please be sociable once more, and tell me another story."

"I am not very angry," he replied; "but I believe he has deceived me. If I am not mistaken, I have seen him in years ago when his name was *not* Jackson. No, you and I can be friends, so far that I will do my duty; do as I have agreed; but I wish we had not met him!"

Lucy did not offer any explanation. She might, if she would, have explained the mystery, but she chose to keep her secret, which the reader will soon learn. Both were silent for some time; at length the chief said:

"I wish this long ride was over, and I was back in the Teton village again. I am tired of these long tramps; but do not think I am not doing this favor willingly. I wish now I had brought Essie along, then she could have talked to me while you visited with your friend. I am afraid he will not think my warriors very good company, especially when you are around. Let me know, will you, when you are to become Mrs. Jackson, and I will try and be at your wedding. I hope I may meet that Dupont while I am out; I owe him a grudge and shall repay it the first opportunity I have; and, more than that, I will make the opportunity."

"What has he ever done to you, that you should feel so hard toward him?" asked Lucy.

"It is all about a dog," he replied, "I will tell you what

the dog once did, and see if you do not think he had more brains than the half-breed has. I had just come out of the Fur Company's service, and was waiting at the Red River settlement for fortune to decide which way I should go next. One morning a German woman living out on the edge of the big prairie came to me in sore distress. Her little boy had strayed away from her cabin, and she wanted me, or rather my dog, to find him. Now you probably know what being lost in the woods means, but, for a child, that is safety itself when compared with being lost on the prairie. I remember of two who wandered; one was killed by the wolves, and the other was never heard of afterward. You understand that a child five years old can see over the grass only occasionally, and then can not see very far. There are no trees to guide them, no fences to restrain their steps, but foot-paths enough to mislead them, trails made by Indians or buffalo, leading from one distant ford to another. Then the country being thinly settled, made every course but the right one fatal. These present so many dangers as to make darkness and wolves superfluous perils. I tried to make the poor woman understand that my dog was not a hound but a bird dog, that he would follow no one's footsteps but my own. But she would not believe but that the dog would do any thing I told him. You know that it was not to save myself the trouble of going with her; I should of course have gone with her at any rate. But she told me she had seen bird dogs track the little snipe and plover, whose whole foot was not so large as her boy's toes. I knew the difficulties better than she did, and listened to her with an aching heart. Poor soul, she talked in this way all of the time we were going to her house. Arriving there I began my almost hopeless task of learning a setter in one lesson the trade of a deer-hound.

"I left my gun in the house, and taking some of the boy's clothing, tried to make the dog understand what I wanted him to do. He would smell of them because I told him to; then he would turn and look at the gun, as if expecting me to take it up again. I left it, however, and called him out of the house. I was glad to see him smell of the little wooden shoes that stood by the side of the house, though he did that as a matter of course.

"The boy had been gone nearly twenty-four hours, so I could not hope to find any scent of his footsteps near the house, even if the dog could be made to know what I wanted of him. The day before they had searched the prairie around the house, and the foot-paths leading to their distant neighbors; so I struck off at once into the prairie, the dog following me, and every now and then looking back at the house where I had left my gun. I proceeded about a mile, and calling my dog, I tried to make him understand my business. He would smell of the little sock I had brought with me, and then look up wistfully into my face, as if to find out my meaning. Then he would start off on a trot one way, and stop and look back to see if I approved of that. Well, I would call him back and make him smell of the child's stocking again, but it seemed useless; he would trot off again another way, looking back to see if *that* was the right way but when I called him back he looked about as much perplexed and discouraged as I was.

"So we walked around, hour after hour, and time and again I had tried to make the dog understand me, but in vain. Once he ran to me wagging his tail and looking pleased, and when I showed him the boy's sock he took it in his mouth and walked proudly along, as if to say, 'Now I understand, you want me to carry it.' In spite of my self-control my face must have shown my disappointment, for he dropped his head and brought me back the sock, while I petted him a little and went on. After awhile he stopped again, snuffed the ground, looked up at me in a pleased sort of way, then started off running slowly, and smelling the ground. We followed him, and for the first time I had some hope that he had at last understood my meaning. Then I thought, he might be following the track of some bird, and indeed that was the most natural supposition. Then I saw him scenting up a tall weed, too high for a bird to touch; and I knew it could not be deer, for their sharp hoofs would have left a print on the sod, which would not escape my eye; nor could it be a wolf, for a wolf's scent always made the dog show his teeth.

"The mother kept close by me, asking every moment: 'Will he find my boy?' I did not dare to say yes for I was not certain, but then I had never seen him move so after any

kind of game. The dog ran on pretty lively, but suddenly he stopped and turned round to examine a weed he had just passed. I examined it, too, and there, on the rough dry stem of a rosin-weed, hung a few threads of blue cotton. The mother saw me looking at them, and running forward she seized the precious relic, saying: 'It is his, it is his! I knew it was his!' I thought so, too, for the color was of a shade of blue such as no Yankee has yet imitated with success. But the dog had breathed on it, and she had handled it, so I could not tell how long it had hung there.

"How intently the mother watched the movements of the dog, but happily without the fear that troubled me, who could understand his movements better than she could. But the last doubt was suddenly removed, for just before us, in an old buffalo-trail, were the child's tracks. I examined with a hunter's eye and care the track, and found that it had been made long after the sun was up, and the dew gone, as the dust was dry when the foot pressed it, for, although smooth, it had not the appearance of dust pressed and dried afterward. The slightest breath disturbed it, and an angle-worm, which had made the only trail across it, had scarcely crawled ten yards beyond along the buffalo-trail.

"At last the dog stopped at a large gopher-mound, and here I saw the child had halted to rest, for I could see the prints of his bare heels half-way down the small earthen hillock. Then the trail led us down to a small brook, where the boy had gone to drink. We could see where his small feet had sunk into the marshy soil, and where he had knelt down both hands were printed in the soft mud. Soon I heard the boy's scream of fright, and the mother's wild cry of joy; and as I saw him lay in his mother's arms, I felt amply rewarded for my time and trouble, and as it was nearly night when we reached home, I sought my bed;" and he continued: "that reminds me it is getting late, so we will halt here; only Dupont shot my dog, and if I ever catch him, he must suffer for it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCOURGED BACK.

IN due time they arrived at the clearing formerly occupied by the cabin of Mr. Graham, but only a mass of charred and blackened cinders were to be seen in the place of the once-comfortable log-cabin. Evidently there had been foul work going on here, but a vigorous search disclosed no trace of Mr. Graham. The wagon and team were gone, and no living thing could be found about the place.

Lucy was in a terror of despair, and could conjecture no possible way in which to account for the sad havoc which had been made, and the disappearance of her father. A long silence followed the discovery just made, which was finally broken by the white chief saying: "This is no time for dreaming. We must get to work and see if we can unravel this mystery; and that, I think, will be an easy matter. That devil of a half-breed has done this out of revenge, and—well, we will pay him back in his own coin. As it is yet early, let us remount and hunt up Dupont; and we shall probably find both him and Mr. Graham at the Unk-pa-pa village."

So they turned their horses in the direction of the Indian village, and at night were many miles from the settler's clearing. The chief attended to the arrangement of the camp with more than his usual caution, and after supper he stationed the guards in such a way that surprise was utterly impossible. Returning to the camp-fire, he filled and lit his pipe, and for a long time smoked in silence; and then lay down with his gun for a pillow.

Nothing occurred to disturb them during the night, and early in the morning they were again on the march. The chief seemed to have been transformed from a fun-loving, sociable white man into a wary, stoical Indian. He spoke no word to any one, save occasionally replying to some question

of the Indian who rode next to him, and that was in an undertone.

When within a few miles of the Unk-pa-pa village, he called a halt, and for the first time in several days addressed the trapper Jackson.

"Now, Mr. Jackson—as you call yourself—if you want to distinguish yourself in the eyes of your lady-love, you may go to the village yonder, and find out if Mr. Graham is there. You can easily do that, for I think it will take less changing to make an Unk-pa-pa Indian of you than most any man I know of."

"Very well, sir," replied the trapper; "I will go as soon as I speak to Miss Graham."

But Miss Graham had heard the conversation, and said: "Oh, you must not go! You are all the world to me now that my father is gone—perhaps dead—and what should I do if harm were to come to you?" Turning to the chief, she said: "Please do not send him; or if he must go, let me go with him, and—" here she broke down and had recourse to that last resort of women—crying. The chief was much displeased, for he said:

"If it were not that I have some private difficulties to settle with Pierre Dupont, I would leave you two where you are. However, as you are such a chicken-hearted couple, you may stay together. We will camp here, and I will go myself."

They picketed their horses, and while Jackson was putting up Lucy's tent, the chief and two of his warriors started in the direction of the Unk-pa-pa village. When they were gone, Lucy said to the trapper: "I am almost sorry I did not let you go as he requested, for you understand the Unk-pa-pa language, and there would not be much danger; while the white chief may get into trouble, and perhaps be killed. I should be sorry if any thing should happen to him, for he has done so much for me already."

"Do not be alarmed on his account," replied the trapper. "I have heard that he speaks the language of every Indian tribe in the North-west, and I do not believe he would fear even the Old Scratch himself. I am sorry he thinks me cowardly, though, and wonder why he hates me so. If you will let me, I will ride after them, and offer my services."

"You may go," said Lucy. "It was foolish, perhaps, for me to be so whimsical, but I could not help it; and as the white chief is working for my benefit, it is no more than right," and Lucy entered her tent to await the issue, while the trapper mounted his horse, and set off after the white chief.

The chief was surprised when the trapper overtook him and offered his services as a spy, and he replied, rather severely :

"No, sir. If I want any of your help in the future, I will ask you! If Mr. Graham is there, I will soon have him out, and he will not have a *coward* to thank for it. So the sooner you turn tail and skedaddle back to camp, the better you will suit me."

"But," said the trapper, "I insist upon going, and go I will! You have unjustly called me a coward, but even that I will forgive, if you do not repeat the offense."

"Who asked your forgiveness? Not I," said the chief. "And now let me tell you that, if you move another rod in this direction, I will shoot your horse. You can obey orders, or suffer the consequences!"

It was the trapper's turn to get angry, and he exclaimed: "If once we get out of this, I will make you suffer for your insolence."

"Don't wait a minute," said the chief. "I hate you now nearly bad enough to shoot you, instead of your horse; and if you have any bones to pick with me, *now* is the time to do it. If not, then stop your talking and do as I bid you."

"I won't," replied the trapper, now thoroughly angry. "I am no man's slave, that I should be ordered around like a nigger! I will not stand it." So saying, he brought his rifle in front of him, and cocking it, continued: "Now we will see if you can boss everybody; so, Mr. White Indian, I will go on alone or with you, suit yourself which; only remember, I shoot straight!"

"Indeed, do you?" asked the chief. "Now, if you were not a fool, as well as a coward, you would know that, while you have been blowing, one of my friends is behind you with **his** gun cocked, too, and **the** moment you should raise your

gun to shoot me, that moment you would die. Look for yourself."

The trapper did so, and found that he was indeed caught at a disadvantage, and he said: "You are ahead now, but there will come a day of reckoning yet—then beware!"

"I will, thank you," replied the chief; "the fact is I am always on my guard against snakes; and now, if you have let off enough of your superfluous gas, you may go back. I will count ten, and if you do not do as I tell you I will shoot your horse, and these Indians may do what they please with you. One—two—three—four—five—"

But there was no need for bloodshed, for the trapper turned his horse's head in the direction of the village and set off at a gallop. The chief watched him a moment, then turning to his warriors he said, "Come on," and they made their way toward the village. It was growing dark, and the chief looking at the sky said: "It will be a good night for our business, for it is going to be darker than Tophet, and unless all signs fail, we shall have a storm within three hours that will astonish the natives!"

Night spread her sable mantle over the earth; the sky became overcast with clouds; and the faint puffs of wind betokened a sudden change in the weather. The puffs were exchanged for gusts, and directly the wind came in a perfect gale, and the rain came down in torrents. Such storms are peculiar only to this latitude. Occasionally the whole expanse would be lit up by a lurid flash of lightning, and then relapse into an inky blackness perfectly indescribable.

Through all this storm of wind and rain, the white chief and his companions were looking for the captive settler. Not a light was visible in the Indian village, and they had no way of telling where Mr. Graham was confined, if he was there at all; but they kept up their search until they came to a teepe where a flash of lightning disclosed the form of a guard crouching beside it, and the chief knew he had found the guard-house at last. He spoke to one of his warriors who passed his gun to his companion, and drawing his knife started in the direction of the guard. Soon there came another brilliant flash, and the chief could see his warrior sprung upon the guard and give a blow. Then all was black again, and

he awaited the coming of the Indian, who soon returned bearing a fresh scalp.

"All right," said the chief.

Then he entered the guard-house and spoke the settler's name, but as no answer was returned he proceeded to strike a light, which as soon as he had secured he looked around and saw a sleeping white man, who, he conjectured, was Mr. Graham. He awoke him, and removing the thongs by which he was bound, bade him keep still and follow him.

The white chief led the way until they were out of the village, when he halted and asked the stranger's name.

"John Graham, sir," he replied. "Now tell me to whom I am indebted for this favor?"

"I am called Mo-he-nes-to by the Indians of the North-west. You may call me that if you please," said the chief. Then he asked, "Have you a daughter Lucy?"

"I did have," replied Mr. Graham, "but I do not know whether she be living or dead, for she is now in the hands of strange Indians. This fiend, Dupont, stole her, but he did not keep her long. Some other Indians met him when he was on his way here with my daughter, and they took her away from him. I hired a trapper, named Jackson, to go in search of her, and he promised me he would not return without her. But I have no idea where either of them are, and only know that I am a ruined man. My cabin is burned, and these red demons have stolen my team and every thing that was in the house. If I only knew that my daughter was safe, I would not care for the loss of property!"

"Then set your heart at rest," said the chief, "for she is perfectly safe, and not far away."

"Heaven bless you for those words," exclaimed Mr. Graham. "Do tell me your name, that I may try and thank you for your assistance in this my hour of trial."

"Never mind the name, sir, nor the thanks either," responded the chief. "I have simply done my duty. It is not the first time, and I hope it may not be the last. One of my men will conduct you to our camp, and when my business is completed I will join you there."

"Are there any more captives, that you must go back?" asked Mr. Graham.

"No, but I want to find Pierre Dupont, and take him along. I owe the half-breed dog a grudge, and propose to pay it before I go home," replied the chief.

"Then," said Mr. Graham, "I will remain with you, for I can conduct you to Dupont's lodge, and you will have no trouble in securing him if you are half as still as you were when you came for me. Dupont visited me at dark, and he was pretty drunk then, so he will probably sleep sound."

"Very well," said the chief, "come on."

They were soon back in the village, and Mr. Graham had no trouble in finding the lodge of Dupont. Arriving at the door they stopped and listened, but could hear no sound save the heavy snoring of the half-breed. His wife had been driven to seek shelter somewhere else, as she often was by the drunken trader, which circumstance was very favorable for the white chief, as there was no one to give an alarm. He procured a light, and rolling the half-breed over, found he was too drunk to waken very easily, but to make sure he gave him a few kicks, which failed however of producing even a grunt. The chief then shouldered the half-breed as he would have done a saddle of venison, and calling his companions they retraced their steps toward their camp.

When out of hearing of the village, the chief dropped his unconscious burden upon the ground, and said to his warriors:

"You may carry him the rest of the way. I want to go back and borrow some horses."

Then for the third time he returned to the village, and for an hour or more was busy in picking up all the horses he could find. He tied them together, and setting fire to the medicine-lodge, he mounted a horse and started with his drove for his own camp. Before he was out of sight he looked back, and saw that the fire from the medicine-lodge had communicated itself to others in the same row, and the consequence was a destructive conflagration, which consumed nearly one-half of the village. The frightened occupants were so horror-stricken to do any thing but look on, and they all considered it as a special dispensation of the Great Spirit—a punishment sent upon them for breaking their pledge with the whites.

The chief did not remain to see the extent of the damage done, but returned to his own camp, where he found Mr. Graham alternately hugging and kissing Lucy, and laughing and crying by turns at his great good fortune. He was also in ecstasies over the trapper Jackson, who, he imagined, had brought it all about, and he said to Lucy:

"He is the man for you, after all! He is a philosopher! One of a thousand! We will go immediately to the settlement, and you shall be married as soon as possible! I consider Mr. Jackson eminently fitted to be your husband, for he is a philosopher; I repeat, a philosopher after my own heart!"

The white chief saw that the half-breed was securely bound, and leaving him on the grass to sober off, the chief rolled himself in his blanket and was soon sound asleep. But his rest was of short duration, for soon the gray dawn came creeping up from the eastern horizon, and all hands were astir. Dupont had awoke from his heavy nap, and was cursing everybody who came within sight of him. At length the chief approached him and accosted him with:

"Well, my brave little man, how do you feel by this time? Does your hair pull any after your little spree last night?"

"Who are you?" asked the astonished Dupont.

"Your master!" was the reply. "But don't you know me? Do you remember shooting my dog, several years ago, because he would not follow you?"

"Yes. I know you now. But I thought you were with the Teton Sioux," said Dupont.

"So I have been," replied the chief, "but, happening down in this part of the country, I could not resist the temptation of making you a visit; and, by the way, I brought along some of those Tetons, and after breakfast I will introduce them to you. So take it easy till then, and I have no doubt they will give you very warm evidence of their friendship."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the half-breed.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the chief; "just give you something to remember me by, that's all." So saying he left the half-breed and proceeded to get his breakfast. Then he gave some orders to one of his braves, who mounted a horse

and started for a belt of timber about a mile away, returning in a short time bearing an armful of whips. The chief then ordered his men to strip the half-breed, and tie him up to a tree. Then Dupont changed his tune, and commenced to beg, but the chief replied:

"Beg, you cut-throat! I would show mercy to a dog, but none to you, curse you! If you had not had a drove of Indians with you, I would have shot you when you killed my pet; as it is you will get all you can take care of for a spell."

Then Dupont, seeing that he could gain nothing by begging, began to swear and threaten the chief with what he would do as soon as he was free. But threats and entreaties were alike unavailing; to each the reply of the chief was:

"No! I never forget, and I never forgive!"

Selecting two of his most powerful warriors he ordered them to take each one a whip, and lay it on the half-breed's back with all their might, until he told them to stop. Then he walked away, and the Indians commenced their fun. They used their whips with a will, and every blow brought a shriek and the blood streaming from the back of the screaming victim.

Mr. Graham, Lucy and Jackson, hearing the screams, went out to see what the matter was, and when Lucy exclaimed, "Oh, how horrible!" the trapper Jackson interfered with the whipping and ordered the Indians to stop. They did not understand him, so of course they paid no attention to him, and at last he took one of them rather rudely by the arm and pulled him away. In answer he received a blow across the face from the Indian, and he started for the lodge, saying:

"I will get my gun and shoot that Indian for that."

He was met by the white chief, who said:

"Stop a moment, Mr. Jackson. I have a word to say about that. If you harm that warrior I will shoot you on the spot. If you are anxious to fight, just keep quiet and I will show you some sport in which you can prove your courage. As it is, you know I think you are a coward!"

The trapper was nearly a head taller than the chief, but he did not resent the insult, but merely turned and rejoined Mr. Graham and Lucy. The warriors in the meantime resumed

their occupation of whipping the half-breed, but at a signal from the chief they desisted, and the chief cut the thongs which bound the trader to the tree, and he fell to the ground. He had fainted away! The chief bid one of the braves bring some water, which he dashed into the face of the half-breed, who recovered his senses with a gasp. When he had sufficiently recovered to sit up, the chief said to him:

"Now, Mr. Dupont, you may go home, and as you are a little sore I will give you a horse to ride; but before you go let me give you a little advice. Do not again molest the settler or his daughter, for if you do I will visit you again. Good-by—don't forget to remember me to Mrs. Dupont."

The half-breed deigned no answer, but mounting the proffered horse he started for the Unk-pa-pa village.

After he was gone the chief turned to Mr. Graham and said:

"Now, sir, what do you propose to do with yourself?"

"Indeed I do not know," he replied. "I am penniless and hardly know where to commence. If I only had a cabin built on the site of my old one I know of no place I would like to live better than there. But it would take me a long time to build one myself; and how would I live during the time I was building it, without money to buy provisions or any shelter for myself or Lucy?"

"Can not your friend Jackson, here, assist you? He is young and probably has some money laid by for a rainy day; if not he *should* have. If he is to marry your daughter, you should not be bashful in asking his assistance, for it will be all in the family, you know."

"You jest, sir," replied Mr. Graham. "Mr. Jackson is a philosopher; and the happiest hour of my life will be when I see my daughter married to him!"

"Well," said the chief, "I'll tell you what I will do. I have some money with me which I will loan you. You can go to the settlement and get what you want to live on while building your cabin. Here it is," he continued, drawing a belt from his bosom; "I don't know how much. You may count it when you have time, and when I want it I will come for it."

Mr. Graham opened the belt and disclosed a large roll of

gold coin, which he laid upon the ground beside him, and exclaimed, in astonishment:

"Why, here are more than a thousand dollars!"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the chief. "I had intended it as a present to your daughter—who, by the way, is an old schoolmate of mine—but she will be provided for, so you had better take it and say no more about it."

"It is so strange! You my daughter's schoolmate! What is your name?" again asked Mr. Graham.

"I have told you what the Indians call me. Please do not ask me again," replied the chief. "My Indian name suits me and I shall probably never see you again. I only ask you to remember that all men are not selfish, and to think of the chief of the Tetons as a friend. For the sake of old times I give you this money, and for your daughter's sake I promise to help you in the future if you ever need it and will let me know."

He turned hastily away, and ordering all hands to the saddle, in a very few moments they were on their way to the clearing of the settler. Arriving there, while the settler proceeded to erect the canvas tent, which Lucy had occupied during her journey from the Yellowstone, the chief and his warriors withdrew to the forest and arranged their camp. Jackson was sent the next day to the settlement with the drove of horses the chief had taken from the Unk-pa-pa village, with orders to sell them, and, after purchasing the necessary supplies for the family of the trapper, to return immediately.

CHAPTER IX.

IN AT THE DEATH!

SINCE the arrival of the party at the clearing, they had busied themselves in preparing timbers for the new house, and they had succeeded admirably. By another night the roof would be on, and every thing went merry as a marriage bell. John Graham had no idea that the half-breed would try to avenge his wrongs, but the chief, knowing him better, was now looking for a visit from Dupont and his braves.

Another day passed, and the cabin was finished, and at night we find Mr. Graham, Lucy, Jackson, and the white chief seated in front of the spacious fire place, upon which blazed and crackled a pile of dry logs. Within all was cheerful, but without was a storm.

As the rain pattered down on the newly-finished roof, it seemed to make the party before the fire sleepy, and each one was indulging in his own dreams. Even danger could not shut out the sweet angel of dreams. What did they dream? Old John Graham certainly had no such visions as greeted his patriarchal namesake on the Isle of Patmos, but still something that concerned him just as much. He dreamed of a once-happy home in his young manhood; dreamed of a beautiful young wife who came to him in the spring-time; but ere the blue-eyed violets came forth again, he had laid her away in the quiet church-yard, and found himself alone in the world, with only an innocent babe to keep him company. And scene after scene he dreamed over until he awoke.

Lucy and Jackson were evidently in sympathy in their dreams as in their waking hours, for they were looking to the future, and theirs was love's young dream. Rich and poor, saint and sinner, high and low, all had dreamed the same dream before them; yet the dream was new, and they seemed to be in no hurry to leave their fairy-land.

But the white chief was not favored with such pleasant dreams, if we may judge by the closely-set teeth, and the ex-

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pression of pain, almost of anger, upon his face. He only dreamed of the past; of a fair young girl in a far away State, who had won his heart, and then proved herself as false as she was fair; had ruthlessly trodden under foot the heart which beat for her alone. In a single hour she had changed the whole tenor of his life, had left him with a heart seared and callous, and restless as the Wandering Jew. He had lost all faith in humanity, and was now wasting a life which God had given him for a higher and nobler purpose. Then he dreamed of the fair young Indian maiden whom he had left in the Yellowstone country, and again the brow relaxed. Oh! how much of sorrow in life might be stayed if the true and generous influences of forgiveness, charity of consideration and explanation, and slowness of anger, could play their heavenly music on the harp of our better nature, instead of the passion of discord, touched by our jealousies, our suspicions, our hasty, unhallowed conclusions.

And thus they dreamed, until the huge back log, turning in twain, fell to the hearth, and a sea of living coals spread itself out upon the stone hearth, waking all hands from their long reverie. Lucy retired to her bed, and after a few desultory remarks, the men laid down upon the floor and forgot their troubles in a refreshing sleep.

About the middle of the forenoon a runner came in and informed the chief that a large war-party of Unk pa-pas were on their way there, and would probably arrive by the middle of the afternoon. He immediately communicated the intelligence to Mr. Graham, who at first was not disposed to credit it; but he finally went to work arranging barricades for the doors and cutting loop-holes for their guns. Then the chief said:

"You three must guard the cabin. I prefer to take my chances with my warriors. I must go now and find out how many there are of the enemy; in the mean time you had better prepare for action, and remember they will show you no mercy. Hold no parley with them, least of all with Dupont, and I will be around when it comes to the pinch. Good-by, Mr. Graham," he said. "Your next twenty-four hours you will never forget!" Turning to Lucy, he said: "Farewell, my friend. I hope you may not get hurt in the little scrim-

mage which is to come. If I die, think of me as one who wished you well and who would give his life to save yours!"

He looked at the trapper Jackson for a moment, as if undecided whether to bid him good-by, but at length he said:

"Young man, I believe you have deceived me all along, but this is no time for words. You will have a chance now to prove your courage, and I hope to see you come through all right. Good-by."

The trapper would have replied, perhaps have explained the seeming mystery; but the white chief gave him no opportunity. Throwing his rifle across his arm, he started for the forest, and was soon lost from view in its depths.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the inmates of the cabin heard a dull thud upon the door, and upon opening it, Mr. Graham discovered a steel-tipped arrow sticking there; and around it was wrapped a piece of paper. This he removed and found upon it these words: "The enemy are here! Not less than seven hundred of them! Keep cool, and remember I will be around!" There was no name signed to it, yet they all knew who had written it, and prepared for the worst.

An hour afterward Pierre Dupont appeared in the edge of the clearing, and looked with wonder upon the new cabin. Then he advanced toward the cabin, but the voice of Mr. Graham was heard. "Halt!" and the half-breed halted.

"What do you want here?" asked Mr. Graham.

"I want to come in," was the reply of Dupont.

"We have not forgotten your last visit," said Mr. Graham, "and we will try and get along without your company. We know what you have come for; and now let me tell you we are prepared for you, and you had better give up the job."

"I will make you sing a different tune before I leave, if I am not mistaken," was the reply of Dupont. "You have not got that cursed white chief, with his gang of Sioux, to help you now, while I have over a thousand Unk-pa-pa warriors with me! Now, if you will surrender, I promise to treat you and your daughter well; but if you don't, I will take you, dead or alive, and will not promise you what will happen. I

will give you just an hour to decide; then I will be back with help enough to make you come to terms!"

"Hold on," said Mr. Graham. "You need not wait an hour, for our answer will be the same then. If you or one of your thieving Unk-pa-pas come in sight, we shall shoot you without further ceremony!"

"Then look out for yourself!" replied the half-breed.

It was now nearly dark, and the first notice the settler had of the presence of the enemy was a burning arrow which came whizzing through the window, and simultaneously the war-cry of the Unk-pa-pas was heard on every side. They rushed upon the cabin as if they would tear it to pieces in their anger, and filled the space upon either side of the cabin, and even the roof was covered with Indians. They broke in the windows, and several met their fate in trying to force an entrance. Meanwhile, nothing had been heard of the white chief and his band. The settler wondered, "Could it be possible that he had deserted them?" to which Lucy had replied: "No, father, you may safely trust to his word. Hark! what is that?"

A great commotion was observed among the savage throng outside, and as soon as the settler could look out he saw the cause of it. The white chief had arranged his men in a circle around the clearing and were sending death among the Unk-pa-pas by the use of arrows. Many of them had already fell, for the arrows came in a perfect shower; but they ceased just as suddenly, and again the Unk-pa-pas commenced their infernal work.

They procured a huge log which they used as a battering-ram, and the door of the cabin fell beneath the repeated strokes of that powerful engine. The cabin was soon filled with savages, but the settler and Jackson fought with the courage born of despair, and the Unk-pa-pas fell on every side. As one by one they entered the cabin door, Jackson and Mr. Graham split their heads with their tomahawks, which with the war-whoops of the gathering Indians, made it seem as if all pandemonium had been turned loose in the forest, while Lucy, the brave-hearted girl, was silently and swiftly bringing down her victims with the slender flint-head arrow, of which it seemed she had an inexhaustible supply.

But, outside, were a hundred warriors to take the place of the fallen, and the case seemed hopeless; but now and then when all seems lost, assistance comes, as the sail is sometimes seen that saves the shipwrecked mariner; and just as the exultant and revengeful savages closed in upon them, the friendly whoop of the Sioux warriors sounded like music in their ears. One murderous blow and the Unk-papas fled, pursued by the well-trained warriors of the white chief, but that blow struck John Graham and laid open the skull.

The fight was soon over around our three friends, and the victorious Sioux pursued the Unk-papas to their village and destroyed it and took many scalps and captives, and ended the warfare for the present on the frontiers.

Mr. Graham was tenderly nursed by Jackson and Lucy, and every thing was done that skill or kindness could do, but to no avail. For days he lay in the most exquisite torture, his mind darkened by the blow. At length the white chief and his braves returned, and then for the first time Mr. Graham regained his consciousness.

As he took the hand of the chief, he said: "My friend, I am afraid you will never get your money; for I feel that the grim monster has laid his hand upon me, and chosen me for his own. A short time more must see the end for me. If I could only see my daughter married to Mr. Jackson I could die happy. But there is no minister nearer than the settlement—"

"I will attend to that," interrupted the chief. "What is the priest's name?"

"Father McTavish," replied Mr. Graham.

"Then give me some paper, and I will write him a note."

This was soon done, and the chief dispatched one of his warriors to find the priest, with orders to hurry back. This accomplished, Mr. Graham again relapsed into unconsciousness, which continued until the arrival of the priest. Then he as suddenly recovered his reason, and signified his anxiety to have the ceremony performed immediately. But the trapper Jackson and Lucy stepped forward, and he said, "Before we are married I consider it my duty to inform you that my name is not Jackson, or rather that Jackson is not my whole name."

"I knew it!" said the chief, "but proceed, who are you?"

"My name is Jackson Cummings. Years ago Mr. Graham refused me his daughter because I was a college youth. However, I kept track of him, and followed him to this country."

"It is well," said Mr. Graham. "Then I was in darkness, but now I see clearly. Let it be done now."

Then they were married, and Mr. Graham gave Lucy a farewell kiss and forgave all; and the ceremony was hardly concluded when the last scene came, and the rigid features of John Graham relaxed in death.

As the life went out from the body of the settler, the white chief left the cabin, but soon appeared with his warriors mounted and accompanied by their prisoners, among whom was the half-breed Dupont. The chief entered the cabin and said: "Good-by, Lucy. May your future bring you more of peace and happiness than these past few weeks have done. I am going now to my Indian home, and I take your worst enemy with me. You and your husband will I trust be happy here, and I ask you amid your pleasures to think of me once in a while, and wish me the happiness which can never come."

He shook hands with Jackson, and kissing the young bride he turned and left the cabin, without a word from them, for they were too full for utterance.

They still occupy the same homestead opened by the father of Lucy, and though they have seen many trials, they are happy in the love of each other and their children.

THE END.

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An adjuration, The kings of business, Purity of speech, Parson Caldwell, Value of reputation, Hand that rocks world, Swelling manhood, Summer, Woman's love, The bricklayers, Words of silver, Drive on! drive on! The tramp, The State immortal,	The moral factor, Walking with the world The only safety, Knowledge, Be careful what you say Stand by the constitution, A true friend, The mocking bird, The want of the country The value of virtue, She would be a nation, Evils of ignorance, The use of time, Come down,	Anatomical lecture, Minnetonka, The printing press, The Sabbath, Busybodies, Anatomical lecture 2, A blow in the dark, The specter caravan, The true saviors, True fame, Something to shun, Plea for Ireland, Smile whenever you can, The wood of spars,	A thought, The housemaid, The goblin cat, Aristocrats, The knightly newsboy, A call to vote, The modern fiend, Running for legislators, To a young man, Heads, The new dispensation, Turning the grindstone, Short sermon.
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The American phalanx,	Sour grapes,	Pompey Squash,	Smart boy's opinion,
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The old canoe,	The anger,	The midnight express,	Corns,
Room at the top,	Fish,	Morality's worst enemy	Up early,
New England weather,	Judge not thy brother,	The silent teacher,	Not so early.
Bluffs,	The dog St. Bernard,	The working people,	Dead heat in politics,
Leadlie Yawcob Strauss,	The liberal candidate,	The moneyless man,	War and dueling,
A fable,	A boy's opinion of hens,	Strike through the knot,	Horses. A protest,
The tramp's views,	Good alone are good,	An agricultural address,	Excelsior,
Moral littleness,	The great Napoleon,	The new scriptures,	Paddy's version of ex-
Yawcob H. Helteggoble,	The two lives,	The trombone,	celsior,
The setting sun,	The present age,	Don't depend,	The close, hard man,
Street Arab's sermon,	At midnight,	The mill cannot grind,	Apples and application,
Dress to young ladies,	Good night,	What became of a lie,	Old Scrooge,
Little big man,	Truth,	Now and then,	Man, generically con-
The test of friendship,	The funny map,	How ab you do for high	sidered,
The price of pleasure,	The little orator,	Early rising,	A chemical wedding.

DIME SELECT SPEAKER, No. 20.

God,	Penalty of selfishness,	Now is the time,	Won't you let my papa
Save the Republic,	Lights Out,	Exhortation to patriots,	work!
Watches of the night,	Clothes don't make the	He is everywhere,	Conscience the best
The closing year,	man,	A dream of darkness,	guide,
Wrong and right road,	The last man,	Religion the keystone,	Whom to honor,
An enemy of society,	Mind your own business	Scorn of office,	The loads of labor,
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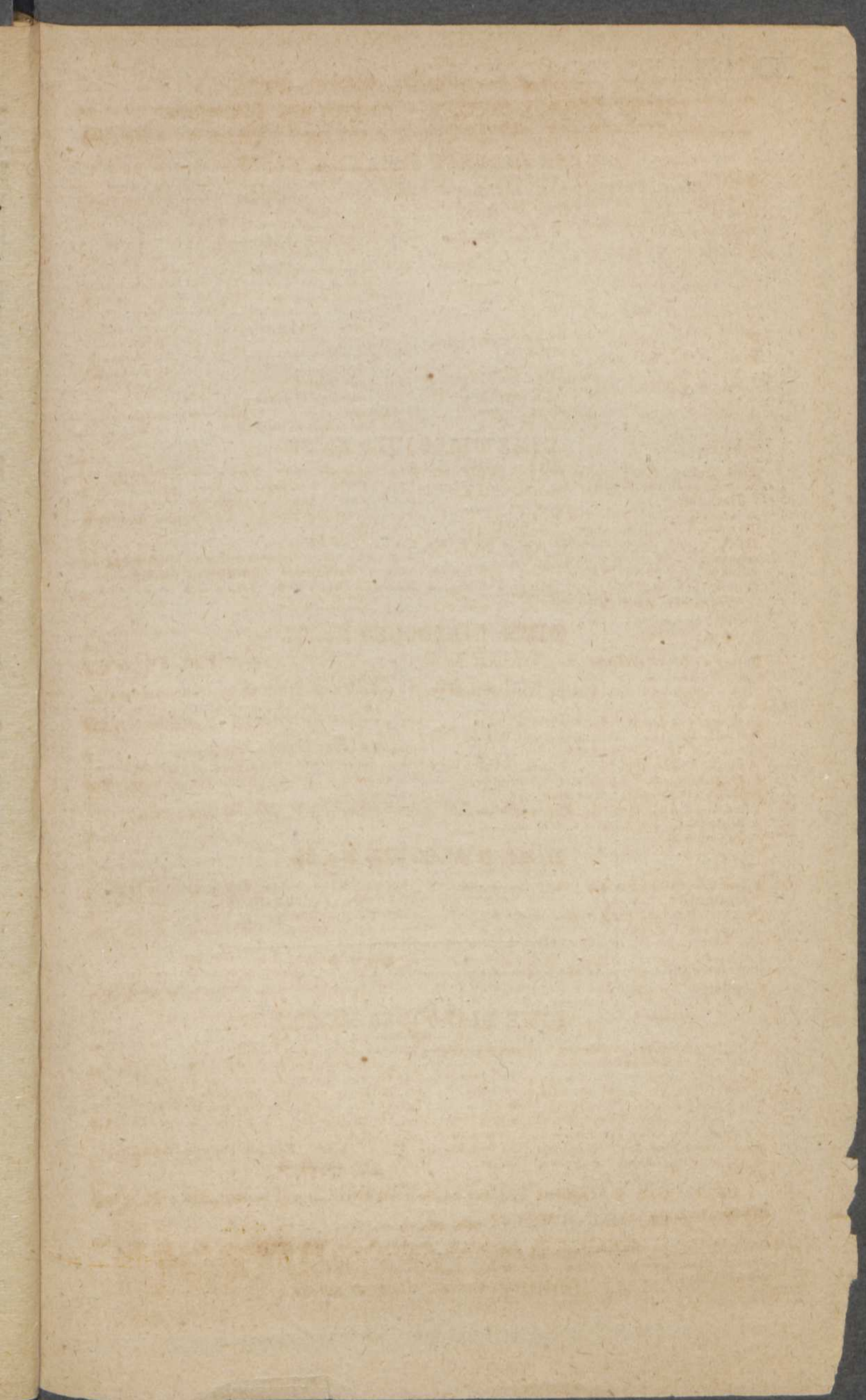
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